George N. Bucher
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GREEN BLUFF.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

By T. N. Soper.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,
FOR HIS BENEFIT.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this little volume is two-fold: *First*, to add a drop toward swelling the tide against the use of intoxicating liquors. *Second* to furnish means for the support of one deprived of sight since early infancy. It is hoped these objects will gain for it access to many homes.

The Author would not prejudge his own work, by offering here any apology for its appearance; but hopes adverse criticism will be withheld until his story is told.

The incidents herein related are not only true to life, but true in fact, for the most part.

MAY, 1874.

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GREEN BLUFF

CHAPTER I.

It was at the close of day, in early fall, when we first saw Green Bluff It was then a village of a few hundred inhabitants, lying among the hills of our adopted State. Nature had lavish ed her stores of loveliness on the whole landscape.

In the centre of the town was the public square, which consisted of several acres of land, inclosed by a plain, neat fence. In this square were large oak and ash trees, placed there years before by the original settlers. Beneath these stretched the velvety sward of

green, relieved by the gravel walks that wound in and out among the trees, affording delightful promenades for all classes, after the toil of the day was over. On the north and south sides of this square were two large wells, situated just inside the inclosure. From each of these extended a spout, leading to a huge trough outside the fence, where the farmer-traders watered their horses, and where the lads of the village held high carnival, morning and evening, as they brought the sleek, spirited steeds of the more wealthy to water. Here, too, the tired laborer, or thirsty traveler, slaked his thirst from the huge iron ladle that hung suspended by a chain from the oaken pump—without charge and without hurt.

On the evening of which we write, the promenades were filled with children

at play, while here and there under the trees were groups of men — laboring men — who, on their way home from work, had stopped for a draught of the clear, cold, refreshing, life-giving beverage furnished by the great Creator for his creatures, and now were chatting cheerfully of their work, their families, and news of various kinds. They were dusty, sun-burnt and hard-handed, but beneath the dusty, brown exterior, there was true nobility. The bony hand told of days of toil for others—for wife, for children, for civilization. It was with them a badge of truest manhood, of warmest heart and tenderest feeling. As the shadows lengthened, they parted and wended their ways homeward. Into some of their homes we afterward went, and of their beauty and real joyfulness we will tell by and by.

Down one of the wide, quiet streets we wandered. It led us by the cemetery. The sexton — old, gray-haired, but buoyant in spirit, and nimble in movement — kindly received us, and pointed out the places of interest, and gave us a brief account of each.

"This," he said, pointing to a tall monument of beautiful design and fine workmanship, "marks the place where Mr. Green was buried. It was put up by the mechanics. Mr. Green (he built that school-house over yonder, where you see the spire glittering. Just before he died, he willed the whole thing, house and all, to the town, to be used for a school for the poor—this is what the mechanics—and other men, too — but the mechanics went ahead in the matter—this is what they did for him) —he had some very queer notions about

some things; very good notions, I think —but some people think them very queer. One of his ideas was, that a man that swore or got drunk, weren't fit to train up children. So, as long as he lived, he would never let any man teach in that house that did either; and, in his will he provided that the town should give up the property, if the trustees elected should employ a man that did either. I tell you, sir, that man done more than I can tell for this place in his day. You saw the public square, did you? Well, that was some of his work. He paid for half of that ground out of his own pocket. He always argued that such things were great helps toward keeping men sober."

"Haven't you any whisky shops in town?"

"Not one, sir—not one. There never

was one here, and I hope never will be"

"Why are you so decided in your wish that there may never be one established here? It is thought by many that they are a benefit to a community —they increase the business of the place."

"That may be; guess it is true: but, sir, it doesn't pay; I say, it doesn't pay at all. Just compare our neighboring towns with this. Take Middleville, for instance. It has more business, I know, but one-third of it is destroying what may be done by the rest. They have their lock-up and two or three police every day We have neither lock-up or police—don't need them. They have disturbances on street every night almost, and the Sabbath, there, is no more than any other day, to many; for

there is an endless amount of street lounging, and horse-racing, and whooping, and all that sort of thing. Why, last Christmas I was there on some business, and was never so ashamed of myself in all my life before. I was ashamed I was a man. There was a group of drunk men every few rods on the streets, and they were uttering all kinds of bad talk. That is not half strong enough to put it—but, sir, it was awful! I saw several ladies compelled to go out into the mud and water, in the middle of the street, to pass the crowds on the sidewalk. All this time the half-crazed wretches—excuse me, sir, I don't mean to be rough on them, but I can't call them any less—these wretches actually clapped their hands in delight when they saw the ladies splashing through the mud. Where

were the officers? They were half-tipsy, too, and took care not to see the quarrels or to hear the obscene talk. That is the kind of business they have there. Such things happen every public day—at elections, and such like. No, sir, Green Bluff never had any such times, and I hope it never will."

While repeating these words, the old sexton was rapidly walking to and fro before his little cottage, to which we had come. The tone and gestures plainly indicated how earnest he was in his protest.

After further conversation with him, in which he told of the happy, quiet Sabbaths, of the well-filled church, the attentive, neatly-attired worshipers, the Bible class that met Sabbath afternoon, of the brotherly kindness existing among the people of this beautiful vil-

lage, of the thrift of all classes, we left to go to our boarding-house, or hotel. Here we found no bar-room, no loungers, no smoking, swearing, gaming; but instead there was a reading-room, well lighted, with walls ornamented, not with lewd pictures, but with beautiful landscapes, chaste ideal scenes. The guests were seated at the long table extending the whole length of the room, writing, or reading the late papers and magazines, of which there was a good supply.

Thus engaged, time flew rapidly, and we were surprised when the old-fashioned clock on the shelf struck the hour of ten. Soon the guests were in their rooms, and sleep shut out thoughts of either the beautiful town or its happy inhabitants.

The next day was Sabbath. Nothing

disturbed its sweet stillness save the sound of the church bells and the patter of feet of the worshipers going to and from the house of God. Were all the people attendants at church? No. Were all temperate, or abstainers from intoxicating drink? No; but public opinion was so strong against the use of whisky or wine, or any drink of like nature, that one would as soon openly steal as to become intoxicated, or even be seen using such beverages. All were not habitual attendants at church, yet this same high-toned opinion prevailed with reference to Sabbath desecration, so there was a powerful restraining influence exerted in that direction too. When men's minds are not beclouded by stimulants and their baser nature aroused by their influence, it is easy for the Word of God to move them toward

the right. Hence the quiet condition of Green Bluff. The village pastors found it easy to persuade the youth to attend Bible school and public worship, for there was no counter-influence at work. At the Bible school we found not the children only, but, as intimated, the young men and ladies were there too.

We purpose not to give a full description of this charming village; but only to present a brief outline of it, and let the reader fill up according to fancy, assuring him that he can not overdraw the picture.

Now we would introduce one of its inhabitants, and let him and his family tell of their joy; and from them, too, you will learn of other attractions of Green Bluff.

CHAPTER II.

"Lucy, my dear, will you put your book aside now—see, the sun is nearly down—and start the fire in the kitchen? Father and Walter will soon be home," So said Mrs. Stone to her daughter.

"Yes, mother." Without a moment's hesitation the request was complied with, while Lucy, singing gaily, filled the house with sunshine.

Scarce had the sound of the hissing kettle began, before a step was heard, and Lucy bounded away to meet the comer. He was a noble-looking lad, her senior by several years. His form was attractive; his face beamed with happiness; his forehead, high and broad, told of unusual intellect. Black with

the dust of the mine (for he was a collier), he was none the less attractive to the maiden that stood by his side, with both arms around his neck, putting one, two, three kisses on his lips, despite the dust that clung all around them.

"Be careful," he said, in mock severity, "you will muss me all up; he pushed her from him, and hastened into the house, but not to stay, for in a few minutes he returned to the doorstep, where Lucy sat, and placing himself by her side said,

"Now, Miss, having removed my royal robe of black, I am ready to be entertained or to entertain; but first take back the 'bussie or two' you gave me "this e'en;" and without more ado he pressed his lips against the fair face of the maiden, who blushed scarlet in spite of herself.

"Royalty," she said, is clothed in purple and fine linen, and not in black."

"Our King robes himself in black, and we, his courtiers, think ourselves honored when we can be clothed like him."

"Who is your King, that you follow so closely. I would love to see him."

"You can not see him, but his works you see every where. Judge of his power and strength by these: The grandest cities that the world has ever known were reared by him; the mightiest navies owe their existence to him; the most delicate fabric you wear is the result of his fiat; on his shoulders he carries all the nations of the earth. He——"

"Well, what is his name? Tell me that before you continue your eulogy," she said, grasping his arm, with which

he was making impressive gestures, as he stood before her mocking the public orator in deep tones and impassioned manner."

"I am speaking of his majesty, King Labor."

"But our friends just across the way would not agree with you. Labor to them is an ignoble slave."

"Which is the greater, the created or Creator? the supported or supporter?"

"The Creator, of course."

"Well, then, since all their wealth is the result of labor, is not he that wields this influence greater in the true sense than he that is the passive recipient of the result?'

"Your logic and eloquence are alike irresistible," she said, with a smile; but let us drop this discussion and talk of something less weighty. Woman's

mind, you know, is not able to grasp these great problems, so don't let us waste our time in such futile attempts. That is, I mustn't waste my time."

She drew him to a seat beside her, and confidingly put her head on his shoulder, saying,

"I have been ever so happy since school this afternoon. It was the middle of the session, you know, and the time for reports. When we were all in the Seminary chapel, Mr. Clarkson read the standing of each one in all the studies—when he came to my name, what do you think I got?"

"Your standing?"

"Of course, but how high?"

"Up stairs, I guess."

"I got nine: ten is perfect, you know. More than you would get for your witticisms, unless you do better than now."

"That reminds me that the superintendent of the mines was down to see us to day. What do you think he promised me?"

"Increase of wages?"

"Yes, and promotion."

"Oh, Walter! Tell me all about it."

"Well, it seems that Mr. Gray, the 'boss' of our mine, is going to leave soon to take charge of several mines in Pennsylvania, and some one must take his place. He recommended me to the superintendent, because, as I afterward learned, I was not addicted to the use of any kind of intoxicating liquor."

"Do the other miners drink?"

"Nearly all of them. They send to Middleville every week for a supply of whisky and beer. They don't dare drink enough to make themselves drunk, but I can see that the desire for it is

growing on them. And, what is worse, they cannot do as much work now as formerly, and they, of course, are losing in their wages daily."

"Walter, tell me, my dearest, you will never touch any thing of the kind, will you?"

Her arms clung closely around his neck, and, with a tear in her mild blue eye, she gazed at him earnestly, tremblingly.

"Never, my dear. Have no fear for me. Well, as I was going to say, my wages will be nearly or quite double what they are now, and I will have but little work to do."

"How strange that you should be selected for that place when you are so young—only twenty last month. What will mother say? Won't she be proud of her boy."

"You would make me vain, sister, if I did not make allowance for the magnifying power of the glasses your affection wears."

"There is no danger of your being vain. Only the ignorant are vain."

"Worse and worse. In trying to atone for flattering me, you increase the offence."

"Offence! Do I offend you?"

"No, dear, you speak what you think; but you think more highly than you ought."

"I have a right to think a great deal of my own darling brother, haven't I? Who is so kind, so true as he?"

"There go, now; mother calls you." With her characteristic promptness she hastened to obey the summons of her mother. Walter remained on the door-step until his father came from his

shop. They then entered the house, and there talked of their future. To them both it was rose-tinted. Mr. Stone, a mechanic of considerable talent, had always received a good share of the patronage of the villagers. The day of which we write, he had just received a job which promised him steady employment all Winter in the shop, and constant work the coming Spring and Summer.

The tea was announced as ready. The happy family gathered around the table—spread with luxuries? No. The meal was frugal, but temptingly prepared. The bread, snowy white and light as possible; the butter, a rich golden hue, and sweet-scented; the milk, yellow with richness; the tea, savory in the extreme; cold sliced ham and cold beef's tongue, with sauce of

apples, constituted the main part of the fare. Plain? Yes; but a morsel with quietness is better than rich viands amidst contentions. Why did the hour at the table seem so brief that evening? Was it not because each was intent on supplying every means possible to furnish pleasure for the other?

As they gathered about the board, Mr. Stone remarked,

"Walter tells me, mother (Mr. Stone always called his wife mother), that he has promise of promotion and increase of wages."

"So Lucy says," answered his wife. "Well, I believe he deserves both, and I am sure he will not prove himself unworthy the trust bestowed."

She looked, admiringly, lovingly at her son.

"I have already begun to build air

castles, mother; that is, you will call them such, but I hope they will be realities. I have thought of many comforts I can furnish you, which you have not now. And, if I can only retain that place, I hope to have enough laid by to keep you and father in your old days."

Mr. and Mrs. Stone glanced at each other, and a tear might have been seen trembling in their eye as they thought of this feeling of *affection* in their son. He noticed nothing of this as he turned to his sister, and with a warmth rarely seen, he said,

"As for Lucy, to-day, while lying flat on my back in the mine picking at the hard coal above me, I thought out what I would do for her. This quiet, countrified life is not the kind for her. She must go to school, to college. Then, if

she wants to, she can come here and teach in our school. She would be strong enough on the temperance question for Mr. Green's school trustees, wouldn't she? Wouldn't you?" he said, turning from addressing his parents to his sister.

"I hope so; but Walter, dear, you are too imaginative and sanguine. If you do half what you propose, you would have nothing left for self."

"Well, I was just saying if I had the means I would do this. It is pleasant to think about what we would do if we could, you know."

Thus they talked until the church bell warned them of the meeting for singing. Walter was made to lead, just as some are made to follow. In the singing he was leader. Not because he was better acquainted with the science

and art of singing, but because there was in him those traits of character that mark the natural leader. Here, too, success attended him. Having the confidence, we may say the love of the whole church, he exerted an influence over them that was really marvelous in one so young. The elder members yielded to his opinion as they would to a superior. The younger portion of the church followed him as they would an older brother.

When the two were gone, Mr. and Mrs. Stone drew near to the cheerful fire, blazing and crackling on the hearth.

"Just twenty-five years ago, my dear, since we entered life together. We've not had much of this world's good; but yet we've had enough. Want has never stared us in the face since the time we moved into this little home.

Don't I remember the time well. I thought no one had so pretty a wife as I, nor none so spry.

"How joyous were those days! I remember the first cloud that passed over us. It was when we put little Jessie in the cold grave. She was the first to come and the first to go. But, then, we must not mourn," he said, wiping away a tear, "God has spared to us Lucy and Walter. Two as good children as ever parents had, if I do say it myself. Walter has no bad traits about him, as I know of, unless it is that he is too generous."

"That is not a fault, surely!" said Mrs. Stone.

"No, not a fault, I guess; but, sometimes, I can't help feeling afraid it will lead him astray. He is so well liked generally among his associates, that it

gives him great advantage over them, but, then, he is so kind that he would suffer wrong rather than wound their feelings."

"I understand the cause of your fear, my dear; and I thought at supper, when he was telling what he meant to do with his earnings, that the same spirit that would lead him to do so much for us and his sister, might, if perverted, cause him to give all his strength to riotous living. Somehow I have felt sad so often when thinking of this."

"Well, there is only one way in which we can guard off the wrong. We can give our precious boy into the hands of God. He can keep him in the right."

"Yes; He can keep him in the right," repeated Mrs. Stone; "and I long so earnestly to know that he has given his heart with all its noble impulses to God."

"You but speak the longings of my heart, dear wife; he is not safe until that is done."

"How thankful I am, that Green Bluff is so free from temptation, in the way of saloons and rowdyism."

"You don't think our Walter would be influenced by such things, do you?"

Mr. Stone's manner, when asking this question, was one of surprise and pain.

"Why, no; but, then, I am glad that he is entirely safe from all such influences. We do not know when or how they may become too strong."

"I know, I know," he said, and for some minutes he sat musing. Finally, lifting his head, and looking upward, while one hand was pressed heavily against his eyes, as if he would shut out some horrible vision, he said, in a low tone, "Father of mercy, save him!"

"My dear, are you ill?" his wife asked excitedly, hastening to him, when she heard the suppressed groan, but did not hear the words.

"No, wife; I was only thinking how our poor old hearts would bleed and break, if our boy should ever become a drunkard."

"Oh! that can never be!" she said.

How often do we feel the coldness which the shadow of coming evil throws across our way. How often, too, is this shadow imaginary. We are frightened by fears of calamities that never come. Yet, are not these premature fears angels of mercy to us frequently? Do they not quicken our watchfulness, or arouse us from stupor? Who can say that many disasters have not been turned aside by prayers wrung from the hearts of the imperiled, or their friends, by vague fears?

After a few minutes' silence, Mr. Stone, suddenly arousing from his reverie, said, "Mother, let us pray."

They both knelt, and for a moment or two poured out their souls to God, after which, Mr. Stone prayed aloud, imploring God's protection for their children, and especially for their son. The prayer was the deep utterance of a soul agonized with a sense of its helplessness and a feeling of greatest need. When they arose from their knees, the cloud had given place to sunshine.

"Oh! my dear!" said the wife, "I feel so secure in the arms of the Great God—my Father. He can keep our precious children, and will, I believe. The load of fear is all gone, now."

"Just as I feel," he replied. "The Power that has kept us all these years, will surely keep us to the end of the

race, and admit us to His own loved presence at last, and bring our children to us by-and-by, when their work is done."

"If we are only faithful."

"We must be."

"We will be."

"Drawing their chairs near together, in the light of the cheerful fire, they talked of youthful days, of childhood scenes, boyish pranks, girlish fancies. Had one been hid, so as to hear the words and not see the gray heads so near to each other, and the wrinkled hands clasped together, he would have supposed scarce a fortnight had passed since the vows of mutual fidelity and love were made — they were so warm and affectionate. This was as it should be.

The clock had scarce told the hour of

nine, when Walter and Lucy returned from singing.

"We have been waiting for you, dears, so you could sing us one of those good old songs before we went to bed."

"What shall we sing to-night, mother?" said Lucy, seating herself on the lounge by her and gently pressing her lips to her forehead and then to her lips.

"My favorite."

They then sang with great feeling:

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

"Open, now, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.'

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a Judas Iscariot among the twelve apostles, but his treachery did not stain the character of his comrades. In the Church of Christ in these days there may be found men as treacherous as he, yet their evil deeds need not mar the character of their brothers.

Why did Judas betray the Master? Because he hated Him? No. He carried the bag, we are told; he was the treasurer, and a greedy man. The love of gain was the ruling passion in him. It was for thirty pieces that he betrayed his Lord. But was there no palliation for the crime? Certainly. He had seen his Master convey himself mysteriously out of the multitude when they sought

to slay him; and could he not deliver himself out of the hands of the soldiers that should seek him? Besides, had not his Master said that he *must* be betrayed, and *must* die? Then, since he *must* be betrayed and *must* die, why might not Judas gain a little? Would it not increase the amount in the treasury? Surely, these were strong arguments. So men in these days argue. They, greedy for gain, sell safety of family, Church and State, to the devil, hoping that some fortuitous event will deliver their innocent victims from the power of the hands in which they have been placed. Do you know any such?

* * * * *

"Oh! dear me! I am so tired of darning this carpet. It keeps me half my time working to keep things mended up, and then they aren't half decent. If

Mr. Thomas just cared half as much for me and the house here, as he does for his money, things wouldn't be half as bad as they are. I have half a mind to ask him at dinner to get a new carpet for the front room, and let me take that one for the sitting-room, and this one for the kitchen. If he just would! If he would, I would be half-crazy with joy. I believe I will ask him. He will be half-mad, I know, but then it wouldn't be half as bad as to be working myself half dead, always darning this old carpet, that ain't worth half a cent hardly."

Mrs. Thomas was talking to herself as she sat on the floor of the sitting-room, working away at the carpet She was Mr. Thomas' second wife. His first had been dead many years. She left him one child, a boy. He married the woman, now his wife, soon after his first

loss. She was but a girl then, and was attracted by his wealth, and not by love for him. He idolized his child. His wife was not a sharer in his affections. Of course he was kind to her—that is, he was considerate enough to furnish her comfortable clothes and sufficient to eat, but he expected and exacted the closest economy on her part. If every thing was nice and in order at home, when he came to eat and sleep, he was pleasant. If things were otherwise, so was he.

Abroad, from home, he was known as a close dealer, a shrewd tradesman, a successful merchant. At church, he was known as a faithful attendant, a devout worshiper. He owned some half-dozen commodious store rooms, and was engaged in making preparations to build three others. Mr. Stone had secured this job.

"A letter from John, to-day," he said to his wife, as he seated himself at the dinner-table.

"Had you?" She said no more. She knew he would tell her of its contents, if of any importance to her, and would do so as soon without her asking as he would with it.

"He graduates next summer."

"Does he?"

"He will come home, then, to stay."

"Will he?"

"I intend to fit him up a fine office, in my new brick."

"You do?"

"If education is anything, he will be the smartest doctor in these parts."

"He will?"

Thus the conversation went on, with a short interval between each statement by Mr. Thomas and response by his

wife, who never ventured an answer beyond monosyllables, until dinner was over. When Mr. Thomas arose to go, his wife ventured to say,

"Mr. Thomas"——

"Well, what is it?"

He stood with hat in one hand, while the other grasped the door knob.

"I was just thinking that"——

She paused to see if it was safe to proceed further in her request. Being assured by his pleasant appearance, she continued,

"I was just thinking that this car pet was nearly darned into pieces."

"Why, I had not noticed it—but what of that?"

"I was just thinking it wouldn't be half so bad if we—you—had a new one for the kitchen."

"What's that? A carpet for the kitchen! a new carpet for the kitchen!"

She had never ventured so far before, and she was so frightened at her own boldness that she forgot all about the way she intended to have a better carpet for the dining-room.

"You are half-beside yourself!" He put on his hat and walked out.

His wife did what she could not help doing—she cried. She wiped the tears away, and choking down her grief began to clear away the dinner-dishes, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Thomas stood before her.

"Marg'ret—how now! Been crying? Any thing gone wrong?"

"Every thing goes wrong!" she felt like saying, but instead replied, "Nothing—are my eyes red?"

"I came back to say, that John thinks of coming home to spend Thanksgiving, and I want things to look sort o'nice.

He is going to bring one of his chums with him."

"I tell you, Mr. Thomas," his wife said, summoning up all her courage, "if I had a little"—her courage faltered.

"A little what?"

"If I had a little money, I could make things look half as good again as they now look, and not work half as hard. John will not be half pleased, if he has to bring his friend on this half-worn-out carpet."

This she said as rapidly as possible, lest her courage should give out before she had finished what she had to say.

"It does look rather dingy—that's so," said her husband, to her great astonishment. "Do you want a carpet for the kitchen, and this room, too?"

Surprised beyond measure by this burst of liberality of expression—if not

intention—she quickly said, "Yes," and then hastily corrected herself, for fear she had gone too far.

"No—only one; one for the parlor. Then I will take the parlor carpet for this room, and this carpet for the kitchen. That's what I meant to say at first." She was trembling all through her frame, when she had finished this sentence. She feared something—she could not tell what.

"Well, I will send one up to-day. John must have things nice. How many yards?"

"Thirty."

He did not stop to inquire whether she would like to go down and select the pattern; neither did she suggest that such a thing would be proper for him to do. To have a new carpet, was victory enough for one day. It was not for her that he bought it: it was for John.

Mr. Thomas hastened to his office. He found the minister awaiting his arrival. He greeted him cordially.

"Fine day, sir! fine day!" he said, punching the fire, and putting on more coal.

"Very comfortable in here, but quite cool out-doors."

"I didn't feel the cold, much, coming from dinner." He put aside his heavy coat, and laid his fur gloves on the top of the desk.

"Presume not; but yet it is quite cold for the first part of November."

After a short pause, the visitor resumed—"At least, I have found it so, as I have been out making pastoral calls, to-day."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I found one family in a very distressed condition."

"Indeed!"

He turned to his desk and began to write, as if to cut short further conversation. Nothing daunted by this act, the minister continued—

"Colbert has not been able to work for a week or more, and as his family are dependent on his labor for their support, and as he is getting small wages in the mine lately, this cold snap has caught them without any wood or provisions."

"Indeed! Why the town ought to see to them."

"There is no officer appointed for such business, I believe, by the town; but, as that is a part of a minister's duty, I have taken it upon myself to see to it."

"Yes; I believe ministers ought to look after the poor of the Church."

He was writing rapidly all the time.

"Just so. Now, Brother Thomas, what will you do to help us 'see to it?'"

He kept on writing, but found time to say—

"Well, really, I would like to do something, of course—but (still writing away as for life)—but I guess you will have to excuse me for this time. I am building, you know, and can't spare the money, now." He stopped, raised his spectacles, and smiling blandly on his visitor, said, "It is a very worthy object, and you have my best wishes. Hope you will get all you want. Have you asked Mr. Stone for help? He is generally ready for such things."

"I did, sir, and he gave me five dollars, without a moment's hesitation."

"Just like him! I thought he would help." He smiled complacently.

"Hope you will call again. Good afternoon." Smiling and bowing, he showed his visitor out of the door.

CHAPTER IV.

The wind was blowing furiously, and the snow falling thick and fast, piling up in great drifts here and there, intercepting travel, and forcing its way into every nook and crevice. The well-to-do were scarcely prepared for so sudden a storm, while the poor were actually suffering on account of its suddenness and severity.

At Mr. Stone's, the family were gathered around the tea-table, and, as usual, formed a picture of perfect happiness. For several days, Walter had been occupying his new position, and giving great satisfaction to the superintendent and proprietors. Each evening he had something interesting to tell of the work

or the workmen. At times he came home in an unusually thoughtful mood, which was a warning for the family to prepare for a recital of some project for the help of some of the men or their families.

This evening, leaning back and pushing his plate from him, he said: "I am uneasy about Colbert; he has not been to the mine for a week! I believe I will go to see him; perhaps he is sick."

"I know he is," said Mr. Stone, "for to-day the minister came to me for assistance, to buy some wood and provision for the family. I meant to tell you before, but it slipped my mind."

"Well, that settles it. I must go right over there."

"Not to-night, Walter?" said Lucy, sorrowfully and inquiringly. "See how

it storms!" she said, going to the window and peering out.

"The very time I should go. Perhaps, they are suffering and need help. Now, dear, you just put up some of that good bread and butter and meat, and I will take it over to them. The little ones will be glad to get it, if Colbert and his wife are not. Guess they'll not object very seriously. Don't be uneasy if I do not come back soon. Good-by!" So saying, he kissed mother and sister, and, buttoning his great coat close up to his neck, he started.

It was a half-hour's walk that night, as the drifts had made it almost impassable. He found Colbert sick, indeed: a fever raged, and he was quite delirious. The snow beat in at the windows and the door, but the room was comfortable, as the wood procured by the kind

pastor was already at hand, and a part of it roared in the stove and sent out a genial warmth.

Mrs. Colbert sat at the bed-side weeping, while the children, (three in number) clung affrighted to her. Provision had been brought; but the wild state of her husband prevented her preparing it. Walter took her place beside the sick man, while she gratefully received the basket of food, and, quieted by her friend's appearance, proceeded to spread the table for the children, who ate heartily, having had nothing save a crust or two in the morning.

It was toward dawn when Colbert opened his eyes and recognized Walter by his bed.

"Ah! 'boss,' it's a bad go for me; bad go."

"I see it is. How came you so?"

"I took a severe cold, a week or more ago, and this is the end."

"How did that happen?"

"A few of us men were over to Middleville, one night, and we didn't get back till late. It was a rainy time—awful roads. All got wet. We walked, you see, and that made it worse."

"He was the sickest man I ever saw, when he came home," said his wife. "He could hardly stand alone when he came in. I had sat up to wait for him. I didn't know he would stay long. He was just wet all over, and seemed so limber like. He went to bed, and has been there ever since. Poor man!"

She leaned forward and kissed the brow of her husband. He turned his head away and remained silent.

"That is the way he always does whenever I say anything about his

getting sick," she said in a low tone to Walter. "He seems so ashamed that he 'give out' that night. Says he, yesterday, 'Now, wife, don't tell any one how I came in the house so weak. The boys will make fun of me for being so no 'count like, if they hear it.' Poor man! he has worked himself to death, most. For some time he has complained of feeling bad whenever he would come home from the mine. He says he can't earn as much now as before, because he can't work as well. Indeed, for more'n a week he has given me about half as much as he used to. Things look terrible gloomy for me an' the children—if there isn't a change pretty soon. He is so kind to us."

Here tears, which had struggled for vent, gushed out, and her voice quiv-

ered so much she could not talk. (This had been said in a half whisper.)

Walter replied: "Never mind! there is a brighter time coming, Mrs. Colbert. I will try to help your husband all I can. I think I know the cause of his ailment, and I will talk to the doctor about it. You see I know how it is in the mines."

"Do you really think he will get well?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes: he will be up in a few days. But I must go now, as it is nearly daybreak. I will tell sister Lucy, and she will come over and stay with you awhile to-day. The storm has ceased," he said, opening the door. "God bless you, Mrs. Colbert."

Again he was trudging homeward, weary in body, but buoyant in spirit. Throwing himself upon the lounge in

the sitting-room, near the blazing fire that Mr. Stone had built in anticipation of his son's return, he soon fell asleep, and slept soundly until two hours afterward, when he was wakened by the pressure of lips to his own.

"Come, my precious boy, and eat the warm breakfast your mother has prepared for you."

"It is worth a night's watching by the sick to be wakened that way," he said, rising and putting his arm around his mother and drawing her close to him.

CHAPTER V.

"THREE weeks from to-day, children, is Thanksgiving. I have concluded to have no school on that day. Of course? Yes; for you know we never do have school on such days. But that is not what I was going to say. I was going to say, we would not have any school on the day before Thanksgiving, either.

"Here, you little boys over there in the corner, just keep quiet, please; you are not dismissed yet.

"Well, that is not exactly what I was going to say yet. I meant to say, that we teachers have concluded to give you a treat on that day.

"Don't be smiling so loud over that way, boys—and you, girls, don't look so disappointed

"We are not going to treat you to candies, and cakes, and pies, and all such things.

"What is the matter, now, little children! you, there, on the front row of seats? Where are all those smiles you had a minute ago!

"We intend to have a literary treat. You little folks don't understand that, do you? Well just wait, and you will see what it means. Come, young ladies and gentlemen, be cheerful, for you will not have to write compositions or orations, or declaim, unless you want to. Now, all that are willing to prepare an oration or a declamation, please rise to their feet. None up! Well, that seems to furnish poor prospect for entertainment. Very well, though. Now for some thing else. The trustees have decided to give twenty dollars in gold for

the best delivered oration or declamation, and have appointed the day before Thanksgiving as the trial day. They desired to have the whole male portion of the school compete for the prize: that is all those who have entered the Junior department. But you have decided differently. Now I wish you to select"——

"Please, sir," said a student rising, let us vote on that again."

"No, sir; be seated and listen to my proposition. I wish you to select, by vote, two of your number who will compete for this prize. They are to prepare a declamation, if from the Junior Department; or an oration, if from the Senior. Whom will you nominate?"

There was a pause for a second, when several voices at once said:

"Charlie Hayes."

"Very good for one; now for the other," said the teacher.

Another pause, when the name of Judas Jambres was proposed. There were no other names presented; so these two lads, aged fourteen and sixteen, respectively, were the competitors.

"Charlie Hayes is not present this afternoon," said the teacher. "Can any one tell me why?"

"Please, sir," said John Jaccol, "he was compelled to remain at home, as his mother is quite ill."

"A good excuse, certainly. And let me say, just here, boys, that it is a mark of true manhood to be kind and obedient to your parents, and to your mother especially. You are dismissed."

"Which will get the prize?" was asked by each pupil, of half a dozen others, and received various answers. The unanimous opinion among the greater portion was, that Charlie Hayes would be the fortunate one.

"Wish he would," said John Jaccol, 'cause he needs the money. He and his mother have had a hard time to make a livin'."

"He'll get it—sure pop," said another —"for he beats in every thing."

"That's so, to a T," said another. "I'd 'bout as lief work 'gainst stone wall as 'gainst him."

"He ain't like most boys, either; he always goes right home from school, to see if his mother don't want nothing, and then he comes back to the play-ground, if she don't," said John.

"Seems to me, you boys have forgot most all your grammar, from the way you talk. A body would suppose you belonged to Primary instead of Junior."

"You hold your tongue, Sam! We ain't talking grammar, now; *we're* talk. ing about Charlie Hayes, and the prize.

You needn't say much; you don't know any more grammar than we. You said 'forgot!' instead of forgotten." So said one of the students.

It was evident from their conversation that Charlie was a favorite among them, on account of his gentlemanly manners and studious habits. As one of the boys said, "he always beat in every thing."

He was tall, for his age; had light hair and eyes; fair face, with a ruddy spot on each cheek. Scrupulously neat in dress, and naturally graceful in movement, he was universally admired, not only for his intrinsic worth, but also for his appearance. At home, he was an example of devotion to his mother and younger sister. His mother, though delicate, earned sufficient funds by sewing, to keep her family in food

and clothing. She looked longingly into the future, hoping that her dear boy would, in time, grow to the man she pictured in her imagination. "Will he?" she often asked herself.

The day for the trial came at last. At an early hour the chapel of Green Bluff Seminary was filled by anxious spectators. The competitors sat on a front seat, in full view of all, and the centre of attraction to all.

Charlie was calm and unembarrassed, and apparently forgetful of all surroundings. A seat or two from him sat his mother and sister. His mother's head was bowed, and occasionally her lips moved as if in prayer. Charlie was forgetful of all, apparently, save of this lady. Ever and anon he glanced that way, and seemed longing for a look from her. He felt that with the bene-

diction of her eyes only he could be calm and brave—and successful; that is, he knew he could declaim every word of his selection.

Judas was more careless. He glanced at every new comer, and nodded familiarly at acquaintances as they came in. He was a genius, and knew it. His talent as a declaimer was known by all, as he had won many laurels on similar occasions. He felt his ability, and could have no fear of failure.

The hour for commencing drew near. The hall was full, and yet more came. The doorway was crowded, and many stood without, despite the cold. It was evidently a gala day for Green Bluff. The five trustees, who were also to be judges in this, came and took their seats on the platform.

Judas spoke first. A suppressed cheer

greeted his appearance. The careless manner he wore a few minutes previous, gave place to a calm, dignified look, that won the hearts of many. His opening sentences fell like music upon the ear, and hushed every breath of noise. Gradually, but surely, he won the minds and hearts of those that listened, and carried them on, as the rapid, rushing river bears onward the leaf on its waves. He closed amidst bursts of applause.

Then Charlie arose. For a moment he stood and looked over his audience, as a general views the enemy's fortifications. In many of the upturned faces he read his doom, as the incredulous smile that played over their countenances said, "Judas has the prize—you need not try." Glancing but a second at the seat where sat his mother, his eye met hers, and there he read such

depth of faith in his ability, that a new spirit seemed to breathe in him.

Back from his white forehead his light locks were thrown, from his eye beamed a fire that seemed to burn the eye it met. He spoke, and silence fell on all again as at first.

The lad seemed more than human as he threw new life into words that often before had been declaimed from the same place.

His theme was pathetic and tragic by turns, as it was a picture of a drunkard's doom. He finished. Scores sat weeping, and many leaned forward, as if drawn by some invisible power toward the youthful speaker. No applause greeted him.

The judges retired for consultation. Scarce a minute elapsed until they returned, and made known their decision to the principal.

Few were the words that had been spoken since the speaker ceased. All were intensely anxious to know the decision. The principal arose and said:

"Charles Hayes"——

Applause after applause burst from lips that before had seemed sealed, and strong arms gathered up the lad and lifted him on the platform in view of all, before the principal could finish his sentence. When quiet was restored, he said,

"Charles Hayes receives the prize."

Again were cheers repeated in rapid succession, while Judas, almost wild with delight, grasped the hand of his young conqueror, and, swinging his hat above his head, cheered more lustily than any, forgetting the place and time in his joy. Judas had no selfish blood in him, notwithstanding his name.

That was a joyful night at Mrs. Hayes'!

CHAPTER VI.

THANKSGIVING day was a time as eagerly watched for as Christmas, both by young and old of Green Bluff. This year it was destined to be more than usually joyous. Arrangements had been made, by which the customary sermon was to give place to a variety of exercises in the town hall.

The day dawned bright and cold. The snow covered the earth and mantled every tree and shrub, glistening in the sunlight, but refusing to disappear beneath his warm rays.

From the mansion of the wealthy and the cot of the humble but noble day laborer, parents and children hastened to the place of assembly. The clergy,

town-officers, and the speakers of the day, occupied the platform. In front of them the Sabbath Schools were seated. A more lovely scene can scarcely be imagined than that of scores of children, neatly, tastefully, comfortably clad, gathered together to praise the Great God in song. Back of these were the older people—the mechanic and merchant, the collier and banker, side by side in the social gathering, as they of necessity must be in the business world.

Most conspicuous among the speakers for the day, was Dr. John Thomas. His manner was prepossessing in the extreme. High and broad his forehead, dark and keen his eye, and musical his voice, he could not fail to attract attention wherever he appeared.

The programme called for prayer,

songs, recitations and orations. For three hours the audience remained intensely interested, and in nothing more than in the Doctor's speech, which abounded in flashes of wit and strains of eloquence. Unusually gifted, education had made him an attractive speaker as well as an accomplished physician. His gifts and accomplishments were the more striking from the youthful appearance he bore.

As might have been expected, the youthful victor of the preceding day was called to repeat his declamation. His appearance was greeted by such applause as would well-nigh turn the head of a much older person.

At the close, the oldest clergyman present gave a brief statement of the condition of the little village. He said:

"Where, my friends, in the whole

extent of the United States, is there a community of people who have more to be thankful for, than we have? Very meet is it, that we, as a community, should assemble here, to-day, to give expression of our gratitude to God for His manifold mercies. Where shall we begin to enumerate them, or where shall we leave off? Verily, they are past numbering. Yet I cannot refrain from presenting a few of the benefits which we enjoy above many of our neighboring villages.

"How pleasant our situation! Nestled here among the hills, sheltered alike from the fierce blasts of Winter and the burning heats of Summer, bordering the clear waters of our own beautiful river, we can boast of natural loveliness and pleasantness of situation, above any town of our state. And it seems right

that so happy a people should have such beautiful surroundings.

"But it is not the surroundings that make us happy. It is a trite saying, 'Be virtuous, and you will be happy' —yet it finds an illustration in our community, and hence its force. Will you listen while we tell of our virtue as a town; tell of it by pointing to its effects?

"Seldom, this past year, *very* seldom, has the deep tones of the church bell told in measured notes of the presence of the dark-winged messenger, Death. There are few graves in our cemetery on which the grass has not grown—*few*, I say—and verily believe it would be true to say, none.

"Who of you have seen ragged children, or hungry women, walking our streets, begging a pittance to keep soul

and body together? True, it is, that we have had occasion to open our hearts and purses to supply the want of some one or two of our worthy laborers, upon whom sickness had come suddenly—but such cases are rare.

"Walk on our streets after night-fall, on Sabbath eve, when nearly all of our people are gathered into the churches, and be astonished to see the windows of our houses left unfastened, and doors unlocked—yea, even open in the Summer time! Does that argue anything in behalf of the honesty of our people? I tell you, friends, it speaks volumes.

"See that stately building just over the way, standing in a yard beautiful even in its nakedness of Winter. Go there, and look into the faces of those gathered within its walls, to study and think and fit themselves for places of

honor and of usefulness in the coming years. What is it that you read in the bright eyes, lovely faces, quick steps, manly deportment, and womanly graces of the pupils? Bright hopes for the future.

"I do no one any wrong, and am flattering no one, when I say, that, to-day, there have been, on this platform, pupils of that school which would do honor to any town or city in our great domain.

"Need I tell of the business enterprise of our village? No; for its history is written, never to be effaced I hope, in the commodious, well-filled stores, the mills and manufactories, and mines of our vicinity.

"Read the report of our police magistrate recently published. What facts for our rejoicing does it furnish. One

arrest! And that of a besotted traveler, who purchased his liquor at our neighboring village, Middleville.

"Who can stand up here, to-day, and say his taxes for town purposes have been burdensome? Who can say that our streets and sidewalks are not in almost perfect order? And yet we learn that there is no debt hanging over us —but, on the contrary, there is a respectable sum in the treasury with which to begin the next fiscal year.

"Why is it that we are so much more blessed than many others?—for a comparison with the condition of any other town of equal size, will show our superiority in all the points mentioned—why, then, I say, are we thus blessed?

"I know of but one answer—*We have closed our doors to the destroyer—to the vile monster, 'Liquor Traffic!'*"

CHAPTER VII.

After the events narrated in the last chapter had transpired, the people of Green Bluff separated to go to their homes, and partake of the bounties prepared beforehand.

At Mr. Stone's there were unusual preparations made. The snowy cloth seemed to glisten with unwonted brightness. The few pieces of silver (gifts from Walter to his mother) could not be burnished more carefully, while the arrangement of the various dishes on the table, was almost perfect. It was Lucy's deft hands that accomplished these changes.

Mrs. Stone's motherly face wore its

usual smile of contentment and love, and her husband never seemed more completely at ease with himself and all the rest of mankind. Walter was in the highest spirits, and overflowed with wit and repartee. Lucy was more quiet than ordinary, yet there was something in her look and manner that told of more than ordinary joy. Despite herself, blushes came and went in rapid succession as they discussed the meeting from which they had just come.

"It was the very best Thanksgiving meeting I ever saw," said Walter, bringing his hand down on the table with an emphatic thump. "Didn't Charlie Hayes do splendidly? and what a perfect model speech was that of Dr. Thomas'!"

Lucy's eyes fell—but she was silent

"All was very good. I should think

Mr. Thomas would be very proud of his son," said Mrs. Stone.

"Proud of him? That isn't half of it!" said Walter. "I believe he worships him. Didn't you see how nervous he was, with joy, when John was applauded? He laughed and twisted about on his seat, looking first at John and then around on the audience, and seemed almost ready to burst with glee."

"Well he might! Guess I would have done so, too, if it had been you up there, my son," said his father.

"My talent isn't in that line. Lucy what makes you so silent. What do you think? Seems to me you and John were pretty good friends, before he went off to college. How is it now, eh?"

Walter gave his mother a knowing wink, and awaited Lucy's reply.

"I thought it was nice," she said, with

as much indifference as she could summon.

"Quite a definite answer, to be sure," said her brother. "Was it nice to have the young doctor's friendship? Well, I guess that's so."

"Why, no! I meant nothing of the kind. The performance was what I meant." Blushes came.

"Come, sister, be more explicit. Did your heart beat high with joy, when you heard one of your own townsmen—to say nothing of any other relationship—speaking so acceptably, so eloquently?"

"I certainly did. I have always thought Charlie Hayes a most delightful speaker, especially for one so young."

"Oh! but the other one, I mean. How about him?" persisted Walter.

"Why, you know, Mr. Gibson is my favorite preacher. How could it be

otherwise, when he is so kind a pastor?"

"Very well; we will let it rest at that; but it seems to me the doctor has been left quite out of the reckoning with you."

"Perhaps so," was her seemingly indifferent reply.

* * * * * *

"Well, now, this is really kinder than I was expecting you to be to-night, sister"—and Walter walked into the neat but plain parlor, and seating himself in the easy chair, in front of the grate, said—"but, the fact is, I must ask you to excuse me. I have an engagement, to-night at Squire Johnson's. His young folks asked me around, and I must go. Really, I am very sorry that you have gone to the trouble to have every thing so comfortable for me here. I know I

would enjoy a *tete a tete* with you more than with any one else—almost." This he said with a mock earnestness that was laughable in the extreme.

"Give yourself no uneasiness," she said, in the same spirit: "for I will not be left to enjoy the warm fire and easy chairs alone, if you do go. You are excused." She bowed him out of the door.

A rap at the door!

"Good evening, John—excuse me!—Dr. Thomas, I suppose I must say, now, since you have nearly completed your college course."

"No, Lucy, not Doctor, yet—and I hope never to be called by so formal a name when you speak to me in your own parlor. It is John—simply, John."

She took his hat and gloves, and motioned him to the chair that Walter had vacated a few minutes before.

"It does seem a long time since you were here last—almost two years."

"They have been weary years to me," he said, "in some respects, and full of pleasure in other. Did you receive my last letter?"

"Not until yesterday—the very day you came. I wondered why you didn't write. It was miscarried some way."

A gentle rap at the parlor door.

"Come, father," said Lucy.

Mr. Stone entered, and advancing to the doctor, said—

"I come to congratulate you for myself, and for Mrs. Stone, on the speech to-day. I hope it may prove to be only the forerunner of continued success. God bless you!" A warm, hearty pressure of the hand, followed this benediction.

The doctor bowed low in token of his appreciation of the blessing.

"I will not intrude further," said the father, turning to leave, "for, no doubt, you and Lucy will have all too little time to talk over old scenes and pleasures; yet it seems that you might have written all you had to say in the numerous letters that came. How many was it, Lucy? seven a week? Well, good night."

"Bless his dear old soul," said Lucy, as the door closed behind him.

"One thing is certain, John—you may repent of your selection for a wife; but a nobler, truer, kinder father-in-law, you could never have found."

"I will risk my repenting," he said, taking her hand in his and pressing a kiss upon it.

Of all they said and did, we cannot tell. This we know, ten o'clock came too soon for them, as much remained

unsaid that for months they had treasured up in their hearts for this hour. It was, to them, too sacred to be written. Ten was their hour for retiring, and no infringement was permitted.

"How long must it be?"

"At least three years, John. I can not get through school in less time. I will be, then, just a little over twenty, which is full young enough to assume the duties of a wife. You know that, John. By that time you will have secured a good practice here, and we will be ready to start right."

"Ah, you are a reasoner, indeed! I will be patient. Good night, dear."

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning found Walter at his post early. Some time before the hour for work to begin, Colbert came, and stepped into the office to leave his dinner-bucket and to remove his heavy coat.

"Good morning, Colbert; hope you had a pleasant time yesterday. Glad to see you back, ready for work. It has been some time since you were here."

"Yes; I have had a hard time of it. Everything seems 'gainst a poor man, these days. Kind 'o thought for a time I would be laid up all Winter."

"But you weren't laid up all Winter, so be encouraged. How are the family?" Walter motioned him to a seat,

and, sitting near, put his hand on his shoulder kindly, and said, "Colbert, I am getting uneasy about you. Do you know why?"

"Course not. How should I?"

"Don't you think you go too often to Middleville?"

"Why, no; guess a fellow has a right to go where he please, and as often as he please, in this land."

This he said rather pettishly, and arose and walked the floor of the office.

"Don't know so well about that, Colbert. You have no right to go into my trunk and take my clothing."

"What do you mean?"

He stopped short in front of the speaker, and gazed at him inquiringly.

"I mean that you have no right to go where you please, if in so doing you injure another. To make it plainer;

You have no right to walk into your neighbor's garden in the Spring, when seeds sown by him are just sprouting, and trample the life out of them, so he and his family are deprived of any of their food."

"I don't understand what that has to do with my going to Middleville."

"You don't? Well, my friend, let me be still more plain. Now do not be offended at me. Every cent you spend for liquor at Middleville, takes that much food or clothing from your family. Now, have you the right to rob them of what is theirs, any more than you have to rob me of my property? Not so much. You have promised to love and cherish your wife; but, instead, you are preparing to bring misery upon her." So said Walter.

"Guess my family is not suffering."

This was said in a churlish tone, while Colbert sat down with his back to Walter, and moodily thumped with his foot against the floor.

"They are not suffering? Why, man, what would they have done two or three weeks ago, if the town had not bought wood and provision for them?"

"Well, a fellow can't help getting sick—can he?"

"Not always; but you could have helped that. If it had not been for that tramp over to Middleville, you could have been at work these last two weeks —yes, three weeks. But, as it is, you have lost twenty-five or thirty dollars, besides having to pay a doctor's bill of some ten or twelve dollars. Making a total loss of nearly forty dollars, just by one spree."

"Well, a fellow must have some-

thing to cheer him up, occasionally. He can't live always down in these mines without something to help him."

"Something to cheer him up? Does it cheer you up, to know that you have lost forty dollars? Do you feel more like work now than you did before you were sick?"

Colbert did not know how to answer these questions, without condemning himself, so he was silent. Finally, he said, "I believe a fellow could do more work if he had a dram every morning; for about noon I feel kind o' sick and faint, and can't half work until I get a drink from some of the men."

"Your belief amounts to nothing, when your experience furnishes such strong proof to the contrary. Why do you feel sick and faint about noon? Is it the appetite you have created, calling

out to be satisfied? Of course. You used dig as much coal as any man here; but, now, you are far behind Jones. How is it? Why, it is plain to any one. You have lost real strength since you began your dram-drinking. It is true with reference to all the other men who drink."

"I hardly ever drink whisky: I don't like the taste of it, really. The most I ever drink, is beer There can be no harm in beer."

"It invariably creates an appetite for some thing stronger. There is where the great mischief is. But it is false that beer is beneficial in the long run. It may make you stronger for a time, but its effects pass off and leave the system weaker than before any was taken. Your own experience teaches this. If it wasn't so, why do you feel

so faint and sick about the time its effects have passed away?"

"Oh, well, you needn't be afraid of me I will never become a common drunkard. I will never abuse my wife. Why, I love my family as well as any man. If I ever do take a little too much, I go right home. I never will be found on the streets drunk."

"So you may think, now; but the time will soon come that you cannot say your family is not disgraced. Every drunkard that ever lived, thought just as you do now. I tell you, sir, there is but little difference between the beer drinker, or tippler, and the common drunkard. About the same, as I once heard, as that between a pig and a hog —it is only a question of time."

"Why, I *know* there's no danger in me ever becoming a gutter-man—I could quit to-day, if I thought it hurt me."

"If you *can* quit to-day, as you say you can,"—here Walter arose and put one arm around the neck of his friend, and kindly, almost affectionately, said—"*quit!* in the name of all that is pure and good, *quit!* for your family's sake, QUIT! Can you bear the thought of seeing your little girls exposed to the taunts of their schoolmates, because their father is a drunkard? Think of them. Colbert. In the name of your soul's best interests, I beg of you to QUIT! Remember the warning of your God—No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God! This may be the last time I will ever speak to you thus; but I must, once again, beg you to beware of the *awful danger* into which you are running! There is the whistle! we must go to work." So saying, he turned and left Colbert, who hastened down to his place in the mine.

That afternoon, as both were on their way home, Colbert walked up by the side of Walter, and in a tremulous tone said: "'Bos,' I have heard those words of yours ringin' in my ears all day. God knows I love my wife. She has been a noble woman, sure. Don't think me a brute, 'bos.' I do love my little ones—bless their hearts! I tell you what I am going to do—I am *going to quit!*"

"What's that you say!" said Walter, excitedly, grasping the weeping man by the hand; what's that! say that again, my man, while I say, 'Amen,' to it."

"I am going to quit beer, cider, whisky, and every thing of the kind; and here is my hand on it," said Colbert, earnestly, at the same time pressing Walter's hand in his own bony fingers as if in a vise.

"*Amen!*" said Walter. "Your wife does not yet know that you have been drinking. She has thought that you were sick. May she never know it! The future begins to look cheery again. Remember, Colbert, total abstinence is the only safe course. No man can take fire into his bosom and not be burned. Do you see?"

"I see," he said.

The next morning the road from Colbert's house to the mine echoed songs of gladness that he sang—snatches of sacred songs learned at church—songs of praise, songs of prayer. He was determined to keep his pledge.

"Here, old fellow, come this way a minute," said one of his comrades beckoning around the corner of the superintendent's office. "I have the best 'Old Rye' you ever tasted. Take a little,

for your stomach's sake. See how it sparkles! What you standin' there for? Come, I say, and take a little. I haven't forgot that you treated last."

"Thank you," said Colbert; "I guess I can get along without it, to-day."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. You look pale and weak-like. This will give you strength and ruddy cheeks."

"No: I have decided not to drink any more."

"You have, eh? We will see how long you keep your pledge. 'Spect Stone has been lecturing you—hasn't he?—and you are afraid to be a man, and do as you please, eh?"

This was followed by a derisive laugh. Colbert advanced, and took the bottle in his hand. He looked at it a moment, and then handed it back, saying—"No, I will not drink this morn-

ing." He turned to leave, but his comrade grasped his arm and held him fast.

"Here, Colbert, don't be a baby, to be led around by other people's opinions. Drink, man! drink!"

Here he removed the cork, and held the fatal bottle near Colbert's face. He inhaled the fumes—he grasped the bottle, and, closing his eyes, as if to shut out some horrid picture, he quaffed the poison, and laughed at his former fears.

Before night came, the effects of the liquor began to pass away—and then came a raging thirst for more, and bitter remorse because his vow had been broken. He now began to see how firm the tyrant held him. He had, before, thought himself master of his appetite; but now he felt that he was a plaything in its hands.

He stopped his work several times,

being lost in reverie. At times, he felt as if he was rapidly descending a steep hill, at the foot of which was a pit, dark, deep and dreadful, into which he must descend, as there was nothing to stay his downward course, but every thing to accelerate it. In imagination, he felt himself on the very verge of the gulf, and made one desperate effort to avoid the last fatal plunge. This wakened him from the reverie.

"O God! save me!" burst from his lips. There he again renewed his pledge, with God as his witness, and until late in the evening worked hard to recover what he had lost by his dreamy stupor.

He went home, a sadder, but a wiser man.

CHAPTER IX.

WINTER has passed. Many have been the changes in Green Bluff. The railroad, long in contemplation, has been completed as far as this village. To put a bridge across the river here, required no little time and not a few men. The majority of the workmen were foreigners, principally Irishmen. They brought their intemperate habits with them. Attracted by the natural beauty of Green Bluff, as well as its convenience to their work and cheap living, they purchased or rented houses and became *bona fide* citizens of the place.

Spring election of town-officers is over. Three new councilmen are elect-

ed. Two of the former Board are re-elected.

Since the incorporation of the village there has been an ordinance in force, fixing the rate to be paid for license to sell liquor so high, that no one ever for a moment entertained the thought that any one would apply for a license, for had the application been granted (which was next to impossible, on account of the stern temperance principles of the community and of the councilmen usually elected)—had the application been granted, the fee would have consumed all the profits and dipped deep into the capital of the dealer.

The first meeting of the new Board passed off without any unusual occurrence. The second meeting was not so fortunate. Of its doings we have to speak in this chapter.

"Is there any other business to come before this Board to-night?" said the chairman, pushing aside the papers before him on the desk, removing his glasses, and preparing to adjourn the Board.

"There is, sir."

So said Mr. Templeton, one of the new members, rising to his feet, and bowing patronizingly to the chair.

The chairman looked at him in surprise, as he had been silent nearly all the evening during the session of the Board, while the other members leaned forward to catch the words of the speaker, who seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"I move you, sir," he continued, "that this Board grant James Patterson, when he shall have complied with the requirements of the ordinance, license to sell liquor, as a beverage, in this town."

Trembling with excitement which this bold step had caused, he sat down, wiping great drops of perspiration from his brow, and glancing anxiously at Mr. Furtherton, another new member, who hesitated a moment, and then arose, saying, "I second the motion."

Had an earthquake shaken the room in which they were assembled, the chairman and the two old members could not have been more astonished and alarmed.

One of them, Mr. Stone, sprang to his feet, and forgetting parliamentary usage and order, said: "I move he don't."

"Order, gentlemen!" said the chairman, recovering from his surprise, yet agitated greatly. "We surely have nothing to fear from this motion. Let the subject be thoroughly discussed, and I am persuaded the mover will see his mistake and withdraw his motion."

"Not much, he won't," said Templeton, in an undertone.

The chairman then said:

"It is moved and seconded, gentlemen, that this Board grant James Patterson—when he shall have complied with the requirements of the ordinance—license to sell liquor as a beverage in this town. Are you ready for the question?"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Stone, rising. "We hope never to be ready to vote on that question in this Board. It is a disgrace to the hitherto fair name of our loved town, that such a motion should ever be made. I can scarcely believe my ears. I can account for the course pursued by the mover on no grounds whatever.

"He is a young man, sir, with no son exposed to the danger which a licensed

whisky saloon would present, else he could not have the courage to make such a motion here. I say again, sir, I cannot see what motive presses him to such a course. The fate of our neighboring villages ought to be enough to deter him from such a course.

"You see that I am excited, sir. I do not deny it: I am glad of it. I hope never to get to a point where I will not be excited, when such a proposition is made.

"I love my son, sir, and my daughter —but rather than see the one a drunkard, or the other connected with a drunkard in marriage, I would follow them gladly to the gr——"

"I call the gentleman to order!" said Templeton, excitedly.

"What is your point of order, sir?" asked the chairman.

"He is off the question. We are not discussing his love for his children. That has nothing to do with this motion."

"It has very much to do with it, sir Proceed, Mr. Stone," said the chairman

"I was going to say that, however much I love my children, I would rather follow them to the grave, to-day, than to see them made intemperate and die drunkards. If they die now, I believe that in the bright hereafter I will see them again. If they fill a drunkard's grave, I'll never see them any more. I know how frail human nature is, and I will always use every means possible to keep temptation away from my son or daughter. Therefore, I will never vote for licensing saloons. *Never!* Hope my arm may fall withered by my side, if ever I raise it to further such damnable traffic."

"My old friend seems much in earnest about this question," said Mr. Wise, another new member, and a lawyer, recently come to town. He had been there barely long enough to make him eligible to a position in the Board—but elected he was—how, no one scarcely could tell. He was about middle-age, and was prepossessing in appearance; often keen in argument, and deliberate and impressive in delivery — sometimes, he rose to impassioned oratory.

On this night, he stood with one foot resting on the floor, and the other on the chair in which he had been sitting, while he toyed with his glasses, which hung suspended by a silken cord in a button-hole. The glasses he wore more for effect than utility. He continued:

"I like his earnestness; but unfortunately, he forgets the question, seem-

ingly, and endeavors to move this Board to vote according to his views—not by presenting arguments to move their minds, but by appealing to their sympathies. Such a manner of arguing is puerile. Sir, we must look at this question from a business stand-point, and leave our feelings, as fathers, quite out of consideration; for we are here to legislate for the best interests of the town, without allowing our personal feelings to prejudice our actions. You know, perhaps, of the Roman consul, who signed his own son's death warrant, when he saw, by so doing, he would add to the stability of the government he represented. Such an act was then, and is now, considered in the highest degree heroic, and was the purest kind of patriotism. The same spirit should actuate us in our actions here as representatives of this town.

"My position is this: "If we can see that, by licensing saloons, we can add to the wealth or beauty of our village, it then becomes our duty to license them. That it will add to our wealth, is a foregone conclusion. Yet, that these present may see it clearly, I will undertake to show how this is done.

"Now, you must admit, that whatever adds to the business of this place, adds to its wealth. There is no use denying that there are scores of farmers, living in adjacent neighborhoods, who would come to this place with their produce, if they could get here their usual daily dram. This, they will have, somehow or other. If they cannot get it here, they will go where they can get it. We make no inebriates; we only take advantage of an existing evil—if you contend that moderate drinking is an

evil—and cause it to minister to our good. Is that not right? Another point I would mention, is this: lately, our place has had an addition of some fifty or more citizens. These spend their earnings here, and consequently add to the income of our place. But, sir, we cannot hold these laborers if their privileges are restricted. They have come to us with habits firmly established. One of those habits is dram drinking. The Irishman can not do without his whisky any more than my old friend here can do without his coffee, morning and night. Now, sir, if we open a saloon here, they will not go to Middleville to buy their whisky and other necessaries, but will remain here, with all their money—buying both whisky and provisions of our merchants. Thus you see, sir, our business

will be materially increased, and consequently our wealth, too.

"Do you ask how our town will be increased in beauty? Sir, the amount named in our ordinance is simply enormous. When that amount is paid in—which will be done, of course, before license is granted by the town clerk—we can appropriate the amount—five hundred dollars I believe—to beautify our already handsome square, and then in other years to grading our streets, ornamenting our cemetery, and in various other ways.

"Now, sir, I see no cause for the fears which my old friend has given expression to—that is, fears that his boy will become an inebriate That is no argument, as I take it, for or against the question—but I speak now to soothe his troubled heart (*sarcastically*). His boy

is quite a young man, if I am not informed incorrectly, and has passed quite out of reach of such influence. He sports the dignified title of Superintendent of Green Bluff Mines; surely he would not stoop to such a practice as dram drinking, especially since he has, no doubt, been so faithfully instructed in the right way by my old friend.

"I hope, sir, the question will be voted on to-night, and trust the motion will prevail."

He sat down, chuckling inwardly at what, he thought, sharp thrusts at Mr. Stone, and looking wisely toward Templeton and Furtherton, who seemed delighted with his little speech.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Stone, rising as soon as Wise had finished, "I am no lawyer, and may not present my thoughts as clearly and forcibly as the

gentleman just seated, nor may I be free from allowing my sympathies to get the better of me; but, yet, there are some things connected with this question, which I know as well as any one.

"I admit, sir, that it is our duty as councilmen to act for the best interests of the town, without regard to personal feelings. I grant the gentlemen, who have presented and supported this motion, the highest regard for our town's welfare; but must say they have a mistaken way of showing it.

"I admire the heroic spirit and patriotism of the Roman consul, who signed his son's death warrant when he saw that, by doing so, he would benefit his country. I am willing to imitate him under similar circumstances. The fact is, sir, that his son had violated a

law, the penalty of which was death. That the law might remain inviolate as to penalty, he caused his son to die. On the same principle, I am willing to sacrifice both the wealth and beauty of our State or town, if the law of our Great and only rightful King, God the Father, may remain inviolate. He has said, Love your neighbor as yourself! Now, sir, I would not set a trap to-night in my path home, where I may lose my life by stumbling into it, because of my poor sight caused by old age. Neither will I set a trap where my friends, whose judgment is blinded by their strong appetite for drink, may lose not only their natural life, but may be lost eternally.

"My lawyer friend has presented some arguments in favor of license, on the ground that saloons will increase

our wealth: but, sir, he argues against *facts!* A comparison between the thrift and wealth of this place and that of any village where the license system prevails, is sufficient to overturn his seemingly plausible arguments.

"He says, sir, that unless we open this saloon, that we will lose some fifty or more citizens. Who are these citizens? The laborers on the railroad.

"Now, sir, I am a poor day laborer, and I have no word against these people on that score—but the sooner we get clear of such people, the better. Why? They, sir, were the remote cause of this motion to-night. It was their cunning and votes that put these men into our Board. Their example is pernicious. If they cannot stay in our midst without bringing their debasing habits—let them go. Which, sir, is greater—the

few dollars they will add to our wealth, or the souls of some of our best boys? The gentleman may sneer at my fear that my son, or your son, may be lured into the hell-hole he would have opened —but, I tell you, our only safe course is to keep clear of all danger. That was a wise coachman, who said he kept as far from the edge of a precipice as possible; and he was foolish who, to test his skill, drove as near the edge as possible.

"If we grant the license, and receive the sum of five hundred dollars, very little of it will go to beautifying our place. The greater part will be needed to hire police to keep order in day time, and to employ watchmen to guard us while we sleep. Do you want proof? Go to our neighbor, Middleville. Why men will present theory, when practice is entirely against it, is strange to me."

Mr. Newcome then arose, and said, in his dry, yet clear and practical style:

"Mr. Wise said we could ornament our cemetery with the proceeds of this traffic, and could beautify our square. Just so! Imagine a dozen of our best mechanics, or a dozen of our bright, promising town's boys, lying under the trees of our park, insensible, vomiting, cursing. What beauty it adds! Instead of the orderly company gathering around our public wells, imagine a score of reeling, swearing men, marching down our streets. How charming the sound of their ribaldry! Go to our cemetery, years hence, and read the record on a score of graves. Died of delirium tremens; aged 16! Killed by a drunken friend; aged 20! What ornaments!

"No sir! I'll never vote for any

such motion. God has said, 'Cursed is every man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips,' and if I vote for this motion, I put myself liable to that curse. 'God is not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness,' for the day of vengeance closely follows the transgression. If we grant this request, our fate as a community is sealed."

During the delivery of the last two speeches, the other three councilmen sat sullenly thumping their chairs with their fingers, or exchanging words and looks of scorn. When Mr. Newcome had finished, they called for the question, which was put by the chairman, and resulted in three votes for the license and two against.

All hope was not gone. Mr. Stone and Mr Newcome did not believe th

license fee would be paid by Patterson, so the saloon could not be opened.

"Any further business," asked the chairman, as was customary.

"Yes, sir, said Templeton. "I move, sir, that the ordinance be so changed as to require seventy-five dollars per annum for license to sell liquor, instead of five hundred, as it now is."

"I second the motion," said Furtherton.

All hope was now gone.

The chairman put the question, which resulted as forseen.

Furtherton, Templeton, and Wise voted for it. Stone and Newcome voted against it.

"An' how did it go, Misther Wise?" said Patterson, as that gentleman stepped out into the street where Patterson awaited him.

"All right, Jimmie; all right, of course. We had it too well fixed up to lose our case!"

"An' did you git the license put down, too?"

"You bet we did."

"An' I'm right glad of that; for shure it'd be all day wid me if you hadn't. An' how much is it now?"

"Only seventy-five, Jimmie."

"Only sheventy-five, ish it. Golly! that's good, now, shure! Can make money, an' no doubt."

"Going to open out right away, Jimmie?"

"Jist so soon as I git my papers. An' when will that be?"

"You can get it to-morrow."

"Well, then to-morrow, she will be opened out shure, sir. Here's your money."

CHAPTER X.

The next afternoon, true to promise, Patterson had his sign swinging in front of his door—"Sunny Side Saloon," was roughly sketched upon it. The house was small and poorly furnished, situated in an out-of-the-way place, yet sufficiently conspicuous to attract the attention of those desiring any of the goods he had for sale.

The news of this saloon's existence caused no little consternation in Green Bluff. It was the subject for discussion in every store-room and at every workshop in the town. Many and bitter denunciations were heaped upon the proprietor, and his accomplices, Wise, Templeton, and Furtherton; but they

availed naught—the mischief was done. For one year at least it must remain a fountain of corruption in the community.

Few were the customers that Patterson had until after nightfall. After darkness came, his little room was well filled by men and boys. Some came to see; some to buy.

The proprietor was in exuberant spirits. He was shrewd. Beer and ale and whisky were dealt out with great freedom, and almost without cost. He knew that an appetite, once created, knew no bounds scarcely, hence his desire to have all present take a little.

Toward the hour of nine he mounted a bench and began a harangue.

"Min and b'ys, I've niver bin much at spache makin', but I must tell ye, tonight, that Jimmie Patterson knows as

well as any one how to mix up first-rate dhrinks, an' that right chape. I mane to kape no low house—no, sir'ee. Mine is to be a respect'ble house. I'm your friend, min. I know ye's git tired of your shops and homes sometimes, and want to be frae for a little while. Ye's want to be frae—to do as ye likes. To sleeps if ye likes, and to drinks if ye likes. Come, then, to my house—to my Sunny Side—an' you'll al'us find Jimmie at home, an' a hearty welcome to ye. Come, now, my b'ys, let's have a good old dhrink all 'round!"

So saying, he took his place behind the counter, and dealt out the beer as fast as called for. His speech and treat was received somewhat indifferently by most present; a few persons, however, cheered him by promises of patronage.

When they were gone, he sat musing

on the prospect before him. It was not as flattering as he desired or expected. Suddenly starting up, he hurried to his money box, saying half aloud, "An shure I 'most forgot to reck'n up me 'arnings. Purty slim show, now, indade, seeing an' thare's a whole keg of beer gone already! Well, never mint, now. We will get it all back, I guess, afore miny days."

Patterson was not of the lowest class. His appearance was somewhat attractive. Brought up without any religious training at all, he knew but little about moral obligations, and cared less. His object was to keep out of the clutches of the law, and make all he could by any means whatever. His shrewd nature told him that there was money in the liquor traffic to the dealer, even if it did bankrupt the buyer. What did he

care for that? To use his own language —when upbraided by some citizens for opening his saloon—

"An' it is nothin' to mae, gintlemin, if min do spend all their 'arnings at my shop. Let thim sae to that. If it bere wrong to sell beer an' such like, why did ye good people license mae to do it, now, an' I'd like to know?

"Ye sae yerself it's right, or else ye'r mimbers of congress, or what do you call it, whould no say I might sell—d'ye sae? The b'ys will grow up dhrunkards —d'ye sae? Well, well, so I likes. The more dhrunk they gits, the more liquors they buy. Ha! ha! that's what's I like.

"D'ye other merchants not do all the kin to git custom an' to kape it? Thin so will I. An' shure I will."

In vain they remonstrated. He had the law on his side and felt safe. They

saw the force of his argument, that he had a legal right to sell as long as the legislature or town council granted a license, thus recognizing his wholesale murder as a legitimate business.

Before the week was out, Patterson found he had quite a good run of custom, as he had all the men who were working on the bridge and many of the miners who formerly had gone to Middleville for beer. The latter class visited his saloon only at night. The other class were more bold, and openly went for their dram.

Patterson was a good violinist, at least so thought the boys of Green Bluff, and he was not long in discovering their liking for such music. Nightly, they would gather in the vicinity of his shop to listen to the music. They did not often venture inside. He did not urge

them to do so. He knew it was not wise to do so.

"Ah, Jimmie," said Wise, on the Monday morning following the opening of his shop, "you got a sound drubbing yesterday."

"Indade, yer honor, yer mistaken, shure. Niver has Jimmie Patterson iver bin drubbed, an' surely not yisterday."

"Yes, you were, Jimmie, but I suppose you didn't feel it—but, perhaps, you will."

"An' what is it you mane?"

"Why I understand all of the parsons in town let loose all their thunder and lightning against your little shop. They are going to make it hot for you, Jimmie. Can you stand it, eh?"

"I'll give 'em back as hot as they send, now ye sae if I don't."

"That's right, Jimmie; stand your ground: but you will have a hard fight. They mustered all their children up at Sunday School, and made them take a pledge of total abstinence."

"An' what's that?"

"Made them promise never to drink wine, whisky, beer, or cider.

"Ha! ha! ha! That's a good joke. I'll tell ye'r honor. I'll fix 'em. I'll have the best of them dhrunk, shure, before winter comes ag'in. Now you jist sae."

"I don't know about that, Jimmie. You had better go slow. I would hate to see some of those lads rolling round these streets. Besides, it is getting rather hot for me any how in these parts. They blame me for this whole thing. I believe (if I were you) I would keep clear of selling to the boys that come around your shop."

"An' what's that you sae? Kape cl'are sellin' to b'ys as come around my shop? No, sir'ee. I pays my license to sell, an' I sells. I sells to man, woman, or chile, jist all the same. If it be no right to sell to the b'ys, it is no right to sell to the min. If it be right to sell to the min, it is right to sell to b'ys. D'ye sae?"

"But, Jimmie, you mustn't forget your friends. You see it is getting rather warm for me here, because every body says I was the cause of your opening this thing, and they are doing all they can to hurt my business."

"An' shure I don't sae that at all. Didn't them other min help out? Didn't Tempultun and Furdertun vote wid ye?"

"Yes: but, you see, I did all the talking and wire-working."

"An' didn't Jimmie Patterson pay ye for it?"

"Yes."

"Thin, what's ye growlin' 'bout him forgettin' his friends for?"

Wise was somewhat alarmed at Patterson's attitude, as he was working for popular favor. Having made all he could out of him, he sought now to get back to his old place in public opinion.

That night Patterson began to lay plans for thwarting the designs of the pastors and Sunday-school superintendents of Green Bluff. A legion of devils seemed to have taken possession of him. He aimed at the brightest marks in the town.

CHAPTER XI.

Spring had gone, and Summer was waning fast. Sunny Side Saloon was increasing in business, and its keeper becoming more bold and unscrupulous in his workings for patronage. Thus far, the evil effects of the saloon were seen only in the loungers who gathered on the street corners and stood around the door of Patterson's establishment. The fear that existed in the hearts of some was passing away. Pastors and church officials, teachers and parents, were less active in their warfare against the traffic—in their warnings were less constant and earnest. Not so with Patterson. He remembered and cherished the vow to ruin the strongest of the

temperance band that had been formed. To do this, was no small task. He felt himself aggrieved in that the town had granted him license to sell, and yet permitted, even encouraged, systematic opposition to his business. He wanted revenge, and was determined to have it —but these thoughts he kept in his own heart.

Charlie Hayes was not a boy whose pride ruled his judgment; yet he was in no way deficient in the former. The flattering remarks of his friends did much toward increasing his stock of self-esteem. That was natural. After a time it became apparent that he loved to hear his name spoken in connection with "best declaimer," "fine gestures," "perfect grace of manner." That became his weak point. Who of us have not our weaknesses?

"An' I jist was tellin' of these min, that they niver heerd the like of ye in spakin," said Patterson to Charlie, one afternoon, as he was passing his shop.

"You flatter me," said Charlie, bowing and passing on.

"Niver a bit of it. Jist you step in here and let these gintlemen hear ye."

"An', faith, we wid be pl'ased if ye wid," said one of Patterson's "gintlemin," rising and bowing profoundly.

"Indade, we wid," said a half-dozen others in chorus. All who happened to be then present, were of Patterson's kind.

"But I am afraid I would not please you if I should. My declamation that I speak best, is a temperance address, called the "Drunkard's Fall," said Charlie, blushing."

"An', indade, that wid pl'ase us. We

are no dhrunkards and mane niver to bae. Do ye think no better of us thin that?" replied Patterson, in an assumed manner of injured innocence.

"Speak it for them," whispered Pride; "for (as an excuse and argument) it may do them good."

"Remember your pledge," said Conscience. "It requires that you go not into the way of the destroyer."

"Unless to rescue some friend," said Pride and Ambition, together.

"It is useless to try to save these men —so long have they been slaves to their appetites," said Conscience, "so do not place yourself in danger when there is no hope of success."

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he stood half undecided.

"Come right in, min; he will spake to us, I know."

They all followed Patterson into the saloon and ranged themselves around the room, while Charlie took his place on a bench set out for him. He spoke, but with little ease to himself. When he had finished, all were loud in their praise. Some declared they never would drink another drop. Unsuspecting, Charlie did not notice that their pledges of abstinence were ironical.

He hastened home, pleased with his afternoon's work. But could he tell his mother? "No," he said to himself; "I must not. She is so peculiar about my going near such places, it will only frighten her. I won't tell any one. I wish I hadn't gone in. Wonder if those men were in earnest? If they only were! Pshaw! how foolish to think I could move them from the wrong."

"An' shure, I didn't belave he'd bite

so 'asy. Jist be 'asy, min; things move all right. The ice is broke. He's been in. That much of the plidge is broke, iny how. We'll fix 'em!" said Patterson, after Charlie had gone.

"Ye did your parts nice, min. Come an' dhrink a glass of beer to the timprince plidge."

"Ye have 'em shure, Jimmie. An you may count on us to help ye."

Charlie's ambitious spirit would not let him remain idle during the vacation months. During this time he usually made such progress in his studies as to gain a full term on his class. This close application told on his health. The ruddy glow faded from his cheek, and the sparkle passed from his eye, unless excited by reading or conversation.

His mother watched him with tender solicitude, and little May, his sister,

though so young, noticed the change, and oftentimes tried in vain to call back the buoyant spirit.

Patterson noticed the change, too.

"Charlie, ye're as thin as a shader, and as pale as the moon; ye're not sick now?" he said one day, as he met him on the street, reaching out his hand, and giving Charlie a hearty clasp.

"Not sick, but very tired."

"Tired? An' what's ye bin doin'?"

"Nothing but reading, and such like."

"An' does ye're bones ache, as is ye cold all the time 'round your feet and hands, whiles ye're head hot?"

"Just exactly," said Charlie, interested. "How do you know so well how I feel?"

"Ah! my b'y, I knows," said Patterson, with a knowing shake of the head. An' I knows what'll set you up all right."

"Do tell me. I have suffered so much this summer from pains in my bones, and cold feet and hot head, that I would take almost any kind of medicine."

"Well, my rimeda may not suit ye's —but, it's good an' shure."

"What is it?"

"An' it's nothin' but London porter."

"Oh! I can't take that!" said Charlie, quickly.

"An' why?"

"Because I've signed the temperance pledge, and it says we must not drink any kind of ale or beer."

"Jist so: but it says as biverage, doesn't it? This is midicine, shure. Grate dale of dif'rence.

"Yes, I know. But, mother would not want me to use it."

"Nonsinse, chile; ye'r mither would

let ye have any thing that wid help her b'y; an' I'm shure ye're too smart a lad to die whin ye can live."

"How do you know it will do me good?"

"I knows it will. But try it, and sae for yerself. I'll bring ye a bottle, as I go home, to-night. It shan't cost you a cint. Ye can try it, an' if it isn't as I say, ye needn't buy any more. That's all."

Charlie went home and told his moth er all about the conversation with Patterson. At first she refused to let him take the prescribed remedy; but finally concluded it was her duty, as a mother, to do all she could to preserve her son's health, and consented to his receiving the ale and using it. How much better and safer it would have been for her to have removed the cause of Charlie's

poor health, by putting aside his books and forcing him out into the fresh air, instead of allowing the cause to remain, and trying to counteract the effect by another opposite cause.

That night Patterson stopped and left the bottle of ale at Mrs. Hayes', and expressed great concern for the health of her boy. His kindness touched a tender chord, and she felt that he had been traduced by many.

"He is not such a hard-hearted man, after all," she said to Charlie, as she was afterward talking the matter over with him. "I offered to pay for the bottle of ale, but he refused, and said he would be paid if you could only get well and stout again." She looked admiringly at her boy, who lay stretched on the sofa, thin and haggard. If she could have only seen the serpent hid

away in Patterson's heart—but she did not. If she had only remembered the command to avoid every appearance of evil—but she did not.

True to Patterson's word, Charlie did feel better after drinking the ale a day or two. He came to the table with a renewed appetite. Some of the old lustre came back to his eyes; some of the buoyancy of spirit returned. With these came a love for the remedy. At first it was disagreeable to the taste—now it was pleasant. He sought it for every symptom of pain. It generally proved efficient. Weekly he visited Patterson's to get a new supply. Patterson was considerate, and sold it to him at cost. But, even then, it was dear medicine for him. This Patterson knew.

Could Charlie and his mother have

seen the maliciousness that lurked in Patterson's heart, and have heard the boasts he made, they would have been more wary.

Why did they not suspect his designs? Would they trust a professed burglar, and welcome him to their homes? Would they toy with a serpent, and fold it in their bosoms? They did.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sluice-gate had been raised, and Green Bluff was threatened with inundation by intemperance and its accompanying vices.

The railroad was completed. It had given a new impetus to the business of our town—hitherto a quiet, attractive village; now a wide-awake, bustling young city.

Mr. Thomas was in ecstasies. His property had increased in value nearly two-fold. His new store-rooms were done and all occupied, save one, which he had been holding for better terms than had been offered. He sat alone in his office, in early autumn, not engaged in writing, as usual, but in a reverie.

Immense wealth lay just before him. A few years more must come and go, and then he could retire from active business a millionaire. He was already trembling with age, but was as eager for wealth as if he had just entered life and had every assurance of many years to live. The thoughts that occupied his mind thrilled his every nerve by their strange power. He could sit still no longer. Springing to his feet, and folding his arms behind him, he strode to and fro across his office with sparkling eye, flushed face, and tightly compressed lips. He seemed to strain every nerve, as if he would force time in its sluggish movements, and bring within his immediate grasp what he was sure lay but a few years—perhaps only one year—from him. As before intimated, he had two idols—money and his son.

He was regularly at church, and watched the speaker with fixed attention; but his thoughts were not of God —they looked not so high. In the quiet of the sanctuary he planned his business. From the house of worship he went home thoughtfully—but the text he pondered was *money*. "I will stay in this city, and get gain," he said continually to himself. Was he a Christian? He thought so. He gave of his earthly substance to the support of the Gospel; he prayed when called on in public—prayed the same prayer always; he prayed at night before retiring—he could not shake off this habit of his earlier years.

He was interrupted in his walk and reverie by the entrance of a neatly attired man, who accosted him with—

"Mr. Thomas, I believe. Jones, is my name."

"Be seated, Mr. Jones."

"I understand, Mr. Thomas, you have a store-room, on Main street, unoccupied, which you desire to rent."

"Just so, sir; do you wish to rent it?"

"I do, if we can make satisfactory terms."

"My price is seemingly high; but I will rent for no less. I can get that by-and-by, if not now. I want forty dollars per month, always in advance."

Jones raised his eyes in astonishment. After a few other words, without affecting a reduction, he agreed to take the room.

"What is your business?" queried Mr. Thomas.

"I desire to open a respectable billiard saloon, sir, with a genteel bar in connection with it," he replied blandly.

"Indeed!" said Thomas, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, I think so enterprising a place as this needs some such place for the amusement of the young men. There is nothing so entertaining as billiards; it is really an intellectual game."

"Yes, yes: I suppose it is. But I am thinking you will find poor patronage, here. As to your bar, I think one saloon is enough for a place like this."

"Never fear for my patronage. I understand my business, sir. I intend to make my room as attractive as possible. As to the other saloon, I have nothing to fear from that. Indeed, it has been my best friend I have already been told that some of the gentlemen of your place, who have gone to Patterson's occasionally, have desired a respectable place to visit: such a place mine shall be."

"I fear it will cause some of our young men to grow up profligates—

(said Thomas, half to himself—this confession was forced out by his troubled conscience) and if it does won't I be blamed for it?"

"Not at all, sir; not at all. Just let me show you how that is. Your business is to build store-rooms to rent. In doing that, you add to the wealth and attractiveness of your town, and do your duty as one of its citizens. Don't you see? Well, now, when a man comes to you to rent one of those rooms, you rent it to him, provided he pays your price. Now, it is not your place to inquire what use he is going to make of it, just so he don't abuse it. Don't you see? If I go to a merchant, and buy a rope, he doesn't inquire if I am going to hang myself, or some one else. Don't you see?"

Thomas thought he saw. He was very willing to see. The four ten dol-

lar bills, fluttering in the hand of Jones, opened his eyes, and hastened his efforts to still his conscience that was crying out against the act. He took the money and nervously tucked it away in his purse. His conscience lashed him as it never had before.

"It is not my fault. I didn't know what his business was." He said to himself.

"It is your fault. You did know what his business is, before you ever touched the money," said Conscience.

"I can't help it now."

"You can help it. Take the money back, and add another ten to it, rather than be an accessory to such a crime," replied Conscience.

"It isn't a crime. The town licenses such places. I can't help it."

"It is a crime. You can help it."

"If he doesn't get my room, he will rent some other"

"Then, clear your own skirts. Remember, 'Cursed is the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

"I'll use the money for charitable purposes—at least part of it."

Stilling his conscience by this plea, he gathered up his hat and hurried out, to rid himself of any further thoughts on the subject. In vain were all his efforts, until time hushed the warning voice within him.

As Judas betrayed his Master for thirty pieces, so had Thomas betrayed the safety of his own son and the interests of his town for a paltry sum. Judas' remorse of conscience came too late to save him from the penalty of his crime. Will Thomas reap a like bitter harvest? "He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

CHAPTER XIII.

JONES was not dilatory in opening his billiard-hall. True, it was as he said, he understood his business. A musical instrument, which played a variety of tunes in a most charming manner, was purchased, and immediately installed. A passer-by, hearing the sweet sounds within, would imagine that a brass band of the greatest skill was the cause. At other times, when the instrument was changed, he would suppose an orchestra, composed of organ, piano, flute, violin, bass viol, and cornet, rendered the music.

It requires no strong imagination to conceive the influence this combination of curious mechanism and sweet sound

would have upon the youth of Green Bluff. As the simple music of Patterson's violin and vocal powers lured them near to his den, so the exquisite strains of Jones' establishment tempted them to a seat within its doors. Once within, they could not resist the temptation to stay and witness the sharp contest between expert billiard players, that had been brought to the place by Jones as a bait for the unsophisticated.

To what lengths will the emissaries of Satan go to accomplish the death of a single soul! How slow are Christians to use the means at hand for thwarting the designs of these Satanic agents.

Jones, himself, was attractive in manner. He spared no pains to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the young, especially—but of the old, too.

He was too wary to denounce, out-

right, their prejudices in favor of strict temperance principles. Indeed, he was an advocate of temperance himself, he said; as he claimed, that any man could control his appetite, if he would, and need not drink to excess. He would frequently say to the group of young men and boys gathered in his saloon:

"Why, I'm as much opposed to intemperance as Parson Gibson, every bit. I never get drunk and roll in the streets. I would be mortified beyond measure, if I should ever so far forget my dignity as to do that. But, then, I see no harm in a social glass, now and then—indeed, I think, it is good for one's health. Besides, one can't go into respectable society, if he don't drink a little wine, or gin, or something of that kind—that is, in a town of any size. Oh, you can, here, to be sure—

but, then, you can't by-and-by. Things are changing, even here. I wouldn't sign any temperance pledge. Ha! ha! ha! The idea is absurd! Ha! ha! Why, my manhood is enough pledge for me. It is an old fogy notion, that we mustn't have any pleasure in this world. I say, let every man do as he pleases. If any of you, young men, want to come here, and have a good social game at billiards, and then a glass of beer, or wine, or gin—why, I say, your fathers are old fools, if they say any thing against it. You'd better be here, learning something of the world, than at home moping over an old book, or playing servant to your mother or sister. Besides, there's time enough, by-and-by, boys, to settle down and be old folks —but, now, while you have no wife or children hanging to you, you'd better be

having a good time, for you can't have any after that. I go in for temperance —of course, I do: but not for abstinence. No, sir."

Thus, this oily-tongued, nicely-attired man, spread broad-cast his ideas of right and wrong, and sowed seeds of disobedience to parents, and tempted the youth into his clutches.

More than one home in Green Bluff felt the effect of his baleful influence. The once-dutiful lad became restive under parental restraint. The studious, quiet, loving brother, changed into the listless, noisy, impatient boy. Where once was an unbroken family circle around the fire-place, or gathered about the social board, there was one or more empty seats. The parents that once bade their sons and daughters "Good Night," and retired in peace, now go to

their beds without the parting kiss of the son, just budding into manhood, and retire to toss restlessly on their couches, until the heavy tread on the stairway, and the half-angry mutterings in the room above, tell of the return of the boy that once was their pride, but now bids fair to be the curse of their old age.

The sales of the two liquor establishments were immense, and their profits large. This was evidenced by the costliness of their furniture and the extravagance of their proprietors.

Patterson removed his saloon from the by-street, where he had first opened it, to a commodious room on Main street, that he might successfully compete with his formidable rival. His apartment was but little less attractive than the latter

If these two men could grow rich by this traffic, why not others? Certainly, that was a correct and sensible question, and received an affirmative answer from several other men as unscrupulous as to the means of obtaining wealth as were Jones and Patterson. Not many months elapsed after Jones was established, before Green Bluff had the mortification of reading among her other signs over store doors, those of "Sunny Side Saloon," "Jones' Billiard Hall," "Quiet Retreat," "The Poor Man's Rest," and "The Anchor House."

These all sprang up as in a night. Whence they came, none could scarcely tell. That they all lived, was a continual wonder to some. "Where do they get their support?" was often asked, but seldom received a satisfactory answer.

One day, as a miner was returning home from work, he stopped in front of Patterson's "Sunny Side," and looked admiringly at the beautiful sign that swung in the breeze, over his door, and gazed at the nicely-painted windows —(saloons always have their windows painted, and a screen before the door—they are those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil) —through which, however, he could see the glow of the red-hot stove. He opened the door and entered. Hands and feet benumbed with cold, he gratefully drew near to the fire, and, while warming his cold limbs, looked about on the pictures in gay colors, tastefully arranged, and felt that he was in a little paradise. It was so unlike his workshop—his narrow, dark, damp, dismal den, under the ground, where day in

and day out he toiled—so unlike his own home, with its scanty furnishings, bare walls, bare floors, creaking doors, broken windows, poor, ill-fed fire, distressed-looking wife, hungry children—so unlike these, that he wished he could stay here always. He looked at Patterson, behind the counter, arrayed in a clean white shirt, clean apron, blue pants, and blacked boots, and thought him his best friend. He wondered at the goodness of the man that would provide all these comforts for him, a poor, hard-worked miner. He was astonished at the condescension of the man that would let him come into his house, and, although black with the dirt of the mine, permit him to sit by his fire, or stretch himself upon a bench and rest. As he gazed at Patterson, the author of his present happiness,

he loved him in his heart, and felt no task too hard to perform for him.

Rising from his chair, brimful of kind feelings, excited by his thoughts just mentioned, he approached the counter, and grasping Patterson's hand in his own black, bony one, he said:

"Ah, Jimmie, I'm glad you have fitted up "Sunny Side" so comfortably. You may look for me here every night, sure. How could you afford it, though?"

"An' I kin afford any thing for such customers as ye. Don't I know what ye likes? An' faith I do."

"Indeed, you do, Jimmie, and you shall never be the loser by it. I spend as much more, sometimes, every week, for liquor, than I do for my whole family, clothing and all."

Just so, poor, blinded man! Here is the secret! You, and all the other

poor men, give more than half of all their earnings to the dram-seller, and then wonder why they can afford to fit up such nice apartments for your benefit. *Your benefit!* Those gilded pictures, that warm fire, the comfortable chairs, the easy lounges, are only baits to draw you on.

Do you draw a contrast between the attractiveness of these places and your own scant homes? Give to your wives the money and the kind words you lavish on these emissaries of Satan, and your homes will come up out of their degradation, and become not paradises in appearance only, but paradises in reality. Then the wife will no more go with a broken heart and bowed head, but will be the bright, joyous creature she was when you married her. Look no more at the man that robs you of

your money, and steals the food from the mouths of your wife and little ones, and tears the clothing from their backs, to beautify his own den of wickedness, and lure your soul to certain and eternal ruin, and call him your friend. He is a fiend in human shape. Let the words of God's own book be a warning to you: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The time for the election of new councilmen came again. The advocates of anti-license, depending upon the strength of their principles, put forth no extra effort, and, indeed, met the opposition with no organization, and consequently no concert of action. The result was as might have been predicted from such carelessness—the license party gained the day, again electing three out of five councilmen.

There was high glee in the various saloons when the vote was announced. The temperance party were chagrined and grieved beyond measure. Another year, at least, of ruin was before them.

The experience of the past year de-

monstrated the fact, that the police force must be increased. Hitherto, one marshal was sufficient to keep order. Now, they found it necessary to employ three policemen besides the marshal. Two of these were on duty during the day, and two during the night. The salary of each policeman was three hundred and fifty dollars, and that of the marshal five hundred, to which was added a fee of one dollar for every arrest of disorderly person and fine for every detection of violation of town regulations by saloon keepers. The economy of the license plan now became apparent. It was not difficult for any one to calculate how unwise, in a money point of view, was the license scheme. Five saloons, at seventy-five dollars each, brought into the city treasury three hundred and seventy-five dollars, while the salaries of the mar-

shal and policemen amounted to fifteen hundred and fifty dollars, leaving a clear loss to the town of eleven hundred and seventy-five dollars, besides the amount paid out for arrests and detection of irregularities of the dealers in liquor, which amounted to one or two hundred each year. To this, add the fees of city attorney and police magistrate, and you have another hundred, which makes a total loss of nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

These facts appeared in the report of the treasurer, made public after the election. Had they been known before, the result might have been different. They were not known. The result was not different.

The quiet of the town suffered. It was just after midnight, in early spring, when the bells rang out the alarm of

fire. From every house rushed men and boys, gazing this and that way to discover the place of the fire. The hook and ladder company were soon at their room, and had their car, heavily laden with ropes, ladders, buckets, axes, hooks, &c., under way, drawn by a score or more men roused from their slumbers. To the surprise of every one, flames lighted up the windows and cupola of the school building. Intensest indignation swayed the hearts of all as they almost flew along the streets to rescue this precious piece of property from destruction. What could equal their anger, to find the alarm caused by a pile of burning boxes and barrels in the yard, ignited by a lot of drunken boys, who had also broken into the church towers to ring the bells to give the alarm. Thankful, indeed, were all,

that it was a false alarm, and yet great was their anger at the depravity of the ruffians that had done the deed.

"Why didn't the night watch discover the actors?"

Why?

When Spring had fully come and flowers were dotting the yards and filling the air with perfume, when the early vegetables were ripening for use, furnishing many poor families with a delightful change from the unvarying diet of Winter, the spirit of Satanic mischief was let lose to enter the hearts of the saloon loungers, so that the sun rose to light up broken, dying rose bushes, marred flower beds and trampled gardens, as gates from barn-yards and gardens had been unhinged and hid away or thrown wide open, permitting cows and hogs to enter and devour and destroy.

The watering troughs at the public wells were torn from their places and piled up for blockade in the middle of the street, while many of the trees in the park were hacked and stripped of bark and left to die. In the roads, near the suburbs of the town, fences were built across the highway, and boards from bridges were torn up, exposing travelers to imminent danger of broken limbs or necks.

"Where were the night police?" do you ask? We answer, "Where?"

Such scenes were uncommon in Green Bluff two years previous. Uncommon, did I say? Let me correct that, by saying, they were not known at all. What wrought the change? Who so blind as not to see?

CHAPTER XV.

Nearly two years have passed since the reader first looked into Mr. Stone's house. It is evening again, and we see the same group gathered about the tea-table. There have been some changes in the appearance of two of the group. A year at college has added a new beauty to Lucy's face, always attractive. Her affection for Walter has diminished not a whit, but rather increased. It was his generosity that gave her the advantage of an education abroad. She knows and appreciates it fully, so we wonder not at the tenderness of her manner toward him. Two lovers could scarcely be more closely attached than are these two. Scarcely, I say, for however much

love Lucy has for Walter, she has more for another. The young doctor is the chief of her earthly affections.

A change very marked in its outline has been wrought in Walter's manner. The responsibility thrown upon him for the last two years has given every act and word the air that belongs to the mature man. He is twenty-two, but at times he looks ten years older. Not that he has lost any of his boyish buoyancy of spirit. His eye sparkles as bright as ever, and his step is no less light, but firmer. The real nobility of his character is rapidly developing itself. His face betokens thought. His conversation shows culture. He is a collier, it is true, but for all that, he has a spirit that can never be shut up in the dark mines any more than the sunlight may be imprisoned by doors and bolts.

He has influence wherever he goes. His learning is not extensive, but is thorough and practical. His nights have been spent with his books, when they were not occupied with deeds of love, such as visiting the sick families of his men. His refinement is the effect of his reading, observation, and practice in the home circle. His mother, regarded as a queen—as she is to him—and his sister as a princess. To them he manifests as much politeness as he would show if in the presence of the mightiest potentate. His home training makes him at ease in the presence of the rich, the cultivated, and gives him a passport into the best society, and gains for him the admiration of all his acquaintances.

No change is visible in Mr. and Mrs. Stone, unless it be a few more gray

hairs, a little faltering in step, and a slight quiver in the voice. They are the two fond, proud parents we first knew.

"I do not like to be suspicious," said Mr. Stone, on the evening of which we write; "but, I am afraid, I have grounds to be."

"Suspicious of whom, father?" asked Walter.

"Of Charlie Hayes."

"Charlie Hayes!"

"Yes. It seemed to me, as I met him on the street to-day, there was a tottering in his step, and"——

"Father!" said Lucy, in astonishment, dropping her knife and fork.

"And it seemed," continued her father, "that he spoke very queerly."

"What will his poor mother do, if he does drink? It will surely break her heart."

"Well, I guess he *does* drink," said Mr. Stone, thoughtfully.

"And so young!"

A silence fell on all. For some minutes no one spoke.

Mr. Stone nervously thumped his knife handle against the table, while his head rested on his hand in a thoughtful manner.

"Just as I expected," and he gave his knife a harder thump. "I saw all this the night a vote was taken on the license of Patterson. When I think of the mischief that man and Jones have done, I can scarcely contain myself. It is murder—deliberate, malicious, murder—in Charlie Hayes' case. I was told, to-day, that Patterson had been boasting over his victory. It is awful!"

"It is awful, father," said Walter, "but let us hope for the best. Charlie

is not beyond recovery. He is young, and the love for drink has not taken a deep hold on him, I think."

"Perhaps not; but that does not make Patterson's crime any the less, nor does it excuse those men who voted for his license. God's wrath is said to slumber, I believe; but it will surely wake up, and then where will these men stand!"

"Colbert is on the decline, too," said Walter. "He is not at the mine more than five days out of each week. I have talked with him, and tried to show him his danger. Sometimes he is penitent and weeps like a child, and promises to reform, but in less than a week he is down again. He did do better for awhile, before the saloons were opened. Now he finds no escape from temptation."

"If you begin to count up the victims, you will not be able to stop to-night. And, what is worse, it is creeping into our churches, and stealing our most promising young men. There is young Jambres that is going just like Hayes."

"Why, father," said Lucy, in great pain, "is it possible that all this has been done in the last two years?"

"All this?" Why, my dear, you can have no idea of what ruin is wrought in our town until you have been on the street, as I have been, and see the scores of men and boys that are becoming drunkards as fast as time moves."

"And, what is worse," said Walter, the sale of liquor is not confined to the saloons, for many of the grocery keepers have it to sell, or rather, as they claim, to give to their customers. They

must do this to keep the trade. The drug-stores deal it out as medicine constantly."

"It is awful to think of, I declare," said Mr. Stone. "What provokes me worse, is to see some of our church members helping the damnable traffic along."

"Why, father, do they visit the saloons?"

"No; but worse than that, they furnish the house to sell it in, and that for a mere pittance. I would beg bread from door to door, before I'd do it."

"Who does that? You haven't told me of it in your letters."

"Haven't we? Why, no other than Mr. Thomas."

"Mr. Thomas!" said Lucy, in surprise. "Why does John let him? He surely can control his father in that!"

"He claims, I believe, that business is business, and that he has no right to ask a man what he will put into his store-room."

"Miserable excuse!" said Walter. "If he should propose to use the room for a hospital for the cure of yellow fever or small-pox, I think he would refuse to let it, and the town would rise up, *en masse*, to prevent his letting it for such a purpose."

"So they would, and justly, too. As it is, he has rented it for a purpose far more dangerous to the moral health of the community than is small-pox to the physical. What could have possessed him to do it?" said the daughter.

"What possessed him? One of Satan's blackest imps—covetousness."

"And I am afraid," said Mrs. Stone, slowly, "that, like Gehazi of old, cov-

etousness will bring upon him an awful penalty. As the leprosy fastened upon Gehazi and his family, I would be afraid a like terrible disease would fasten upon me and my family, if I should do such a thing."

"That's too terrible to think about," said Lucy, tremblingly, for her thoughts were of the young doctor, and she shuddered to think of the consequences if *he* should become intemperate."

"It is not so terrible, my sister, to think about danger ahead, and avoid it, as it is to endure its pangs. Don't be frightened, darling, but there is *danger* of just such a consequence attending the doctor and his family. God has cursed the man that puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips. I have never heard of that curse being recalled. Use your influence with John to persuade his father

to close up that sink-hole in his store-rooms. It is doing as much harm as all the other saloons put together—unless it is Patterson's—just because of its respectability, so called."

Lucy sat musing. A tear trembled on her eye-lids. Choking sobs rose, but she pressed them back, and brushed the tears from her eyes, and persuaded herself that it was foolish to weep over imaginary evils. Despite her efforts, though, thoughts of the doctor as a common drunkard, brought tears and choking grief again and again.

"Let's talk of something more pleasant," said Mrs. Stone, after a few minutes' silence. "Lucy has just come, and we must not throw a cloud over her path in the start."

"I wish you could have been here," she continued, addressing Lucy, "the night

your brother was received into the church. It was a joyful evening to me. I had prayed long for just such a step on his part. I feel so much more secure now since he has taken our blessed Jesus to be his Guide." Her voice trembled with emotion, and tears of joy chased each other down her cheeks; while her husband fervently responded—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me praise his holy name!"

"Ah! mother, I have felt the influence of those prayers, and have treasured up the words of instruction you have given me. The religion you urged upon me, found a living testimony in the lives of you and father and Lucy. I could not have resisted, if I wanted to —which I didn't."

The young man arose and pressed a

warm kiss on the wrinkled face of his mother, and felt himself honored in the privilege, and then added, with feeling:

"How grateful I am! This afternoon, as I came from the mines, I saw several young men about my age, lounging in front of the billiard hall, bloated and filled with whisky, some of them rolling on the dirty pavement, and all of them swearing and quarreling, and I said to myself, 'See what a pious father and mother, and God's grace have done for you. If it were not for these, you might have been in their place.'"

"True," said his father," these have been great helps—but you could have been there, anyhow. God made you a free agent. Much depends on our own will in such matters, and much depends on parental instruction. Neither the

child or parent is free to neglect every means of salvation."

"I have another source of thankfulness," added Walter, pausing a moment.

"What now?"

"One of the partners in the mine, wishes to withdraw, and the others offer to take me in."

"That's quite a compliment, I am sure —but then you can't accept the offer, can you? you haven't the money, have you?" said his father, while Lucy and his mother watched his beaming face.

"Don't need any money, just now. I am to put my labor in, instead of money. Of course, I will receive more or less, according to the profits; but I am certain I will receive more than my present salary—besides, it will be a permanent situation. Strange as it may seem, when I expressed surprise at the offer, they

all remarked, that sober, steady young men were so scarce, that they were disposed to show a preference for such, not only as a reward, but to exert a good influence over the wild ones, showing that places of honor and profit are always open to honesty and industry."

"Well, well" said Mrs. Stone, thoughtfully.

"My precious brother!" said Lucy, throwing her arms around his neck.

During this conversation, Dr. Thomas was in Jones' saloon, leaning over the counter, talking with the proprietor. Looking at his watch, he said,

"Nearly seven! I must be off. Have an engagement to-night. The sweetest girl in town, too, Jones."

"So? Going to propose to-night, eh!"

"Pshaw! no; that's settled long ago. Let's have a little more of that gin

Now, some spice, cloves, or something. Must be very careful, where she is. That is, until the knot is tied, and then I'll do as I please—but yet awhile must not let her know I ever take any thing stronger than water. Can you smell any thing?" So saying, he puffed his breath into the face of the saloon-keeper. He had taken at least one glass too much already, else he never would have so demeaned himself.

"Nothing but cloves," Jones replied, and dared not show his disgust for the ungentlemanly act of the doctor.

"All right, then—here we go for Stone's."

"He is a goner, sure" said Jones to himself as his customer passed out. "It will not be a year until he is in the ditch, at the rate he is going now. But what need I care? he is paying a good portion

of my rent each month, and probabilities are he will pay it all, by-and-by."

It has been a year since Lucy and the doctor parted. No wonder, then, her heart refuses to be still and the blood mounts to her face at every step heard on the street. He hastens on as rapidly as possible. He paints in mind the welcome he will receive, and laughs to himself in joy. Fearful of detection, he uses every available means to remove the smell of liquor.

A rap is heard. Lucy answers the summons.

"John, my darling!"

"Lucy! my own sweet one!"

Their lips meet. A sudden tremor runs along every nerve of Lucy, and a deathly paleness drives the rose tints from her cheek. The doctor sees it, and hastens her to the sofa.

"Lucy, what's the matter? You are so pale, and trembling like a leaf in the winds of Winter."

"Nothing, John," and her head falls on his shoulder, only to raise again as if stung by an adder. Rising suddenly, she stands before him with pallid face, saying,

"John, my dear John! tell me truly!"

"Certainly, my dearest, anything you would know."

The doctor summoned all his wits and strength to talk straight and soberly.

"Pardon me, if I wrong you, but"—— She could go no further, but sat down, weeping.

"Speak freely, dear, whatever you have to say. You trouble me so," and a look of pain crossed his face.

"John—I am foolish, I know; but we have just been discussing this terrible

liquor traffic, and I thought when you came I inhaled some of its fumes."

"Ah! my dear, you must trust me more than that. You did smell some gin, I guess. I stopped at Jones' on some business, and he insisted on my tasting some gin he had received, and I did so: just like I would taste any drug, to test its virtue, that is, its strength."

The last part was a deliberate falsehood. Lucy, in her simplicity, received the explanation as satisfactory, and humbly begged pardon for having suspected him. He complained of unusual weariness that night, ascribing fatiguing rides that day as the cause, and left much earlier than was his custom.

Lucy upbraided herself constantly for her suspicious nature, and made vows to be more considerate in the future. Rash vows. It is always safe to keep a good

distance between you and danger. The wife of a drunkard suffers untold agonies. The wife of a genteel tippler is in a fair way to become the wife of a drunkard. No girl should ever receive the attentions of a man that has so far forgotten his manhood as to barter it for momentary pleasure. If he cares not enough for her love, *now*, to refrain for her sake, he will be less likely to do so after marriage.

When the tendrils of woman's affection twine about a congenial spirit, it is like death to break them loose; but if the object of her affection is an inebriate, she must prepare to suffer death itself if she unites her fortunes to his. Before the vows have been ratified in the presence of witnesses, there is escape: after that, none.

CHAPTER XVI.

Why need we hesitate in our narrative? Just before us lies a dark scene. We would willingly close our eyes and drop the pen, if by so doing we could clear our conscience. We are describing realities and not fiction, save in the matter of names. We can not, then, turn aside.

Rosa Colbert was beloved by her teachers and almost worshiped by her schoolmates. She inherited all of her father's natural aptness and industry, and her mother's beauty and winsome ways. To these attractions add unusual attainments at school, and you have the cause of her power to gain and retain friends. In the Sabbath school, there

was no better pupil for regularity of attendance and perfect recitation.

Several Sabbaths passed during the Summer, and she was absent from her class. The teacher went to her house to learn the cause of her absence.

Her visit was opportune.

Rosa opened the door and admitted the visitor, not with her usual bright face and cheery voice, but with a shy look and a trembling voice. Once within the room, where no one else was except the teacher and pupil, she gazed in astonishment at the change since her last visit,

"Rosa," she said, holding the little girl's hand in hers, "what does this mean?" Well she might ask the question. The floor was bare, not a picture adorned the wall; bureau and chairs were gone; curtains from the windows

—which place was supplied by newspapers. Rosa, herself, attired in a frock that was little less than patchwork, but neat withal.

"My dear child, what *does* this mean?"

"Father had to sell them all, to pay some debts."

"Doesn't he make enough at his trade to support his family? I have always heard he was the best man in the mines."

"He can't work all the time—he is sick," said Rosa, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sob after sob escaped her lips.

"Sick? Why did he not let his wants be known. The church would gladly have helped him."

"The men wouldn't wait, he said."

"Wouldn't wait for what?"

"For him to pay them. They came last night and got the things. We begged them to let us keep the beds, for ma—she is so ill."

"Beds! child!—have they taken beds, too."

"Yes, ma'm"—(a sob).

"Who was so inhuman as to do that?"

"Mr. Patterson"—(sob after sob).

"What, Jimmie Patterson, the saloon keeper?"

"Yes, ma'm"—(weeping as a child only can when nearly heart-broken).

"For what does your pa owe him?"

"For rum."

"My dear, *dear* little Rosa, has it came to this? Your father a drunkard! Heaven have mercy upon you, and send its wrath on the traffic that robs wives of food and drags the beds from under them! Oh! the inhuman traffic! Rosa,

let me see your mother, if she is ill. Perhaps I may do her good."

"Oh, no, you can't help her. She says you can't," she answered, pulling her teacher back, as she started toward the bed-room door.

"But I must see her."

"Please don't; pa said he would whip me, if I let any one in. Please don't!"

But in vain; the lady was determined to see her, and pushing open the door she stood before the sick mother. Two little children, younger than Rosa, lay fast asleep on the floor. Mrs. Colbert was lying on an old blanket in the room, her head tied up in a handkerchief, put on by Rosa. She was quite insensible at times, and glared out of her eyes as if wild. Removing the bandage, to bathe her face in cold water, the lady started back in horror at the sight of a deep cut

above and below the eye, where the drunken husband had dealt a heavy blow the night before. Rosa stooped and kissed the feverish lips, again and again, and bathed the hot face in her own hot tears. Recovering from the first shock, the teacher bathed the face and hands, and left to procure help and necessaries.

Need we tell more? Returning to consciousness, she begged her friends not to have Colbert arrested and tried. She still loved him, and hoped for him yet. Truly has it been said, that woman's love is like the ivy which clings close to the dead tree, as her love seems to increase for its object as others seek to destroy.

"How could Patterson have the heart to do such a thing?" asked Mrs Stone, as Walter was telling her the facts as

he learned them from his teacher. (Walter was now Sunday-school superintendent.)

"Would you ask how a murderer could have the heart to steal?" was his reply, as he walked the floor of his mother's room, and thought of this scourge.

There seems to be times for epidemic crime. It was so in Green Bluff.

Charlie Hayes visited Patterson's frequently. It was late one afternoon when he returned. His sister met him at the gate, and playfully clung to his arm as he walked in. He was under the influence of liquor, and sought to shake her off, but could not. He sprang upon the steps at the door, and in a moment of anger kicked back with his heavy boot. He walked into the house and sat down. His sister did not come. A

vague uneasiness filled his mind. He went to the door. What a sight! stretched on the ground was the form of his darling sister, cold—dead! A black spot showed the place where the blow fell. The sight sobered him—but too late! *He was a murderer!* No one saw the deed but the sleepless eye of God. He could escape. He could tell that she fell headlong from the steps. He did neither. Under the impulse of better feelings, he picked up the precious burden and told his mother all the facts. For months her heart had ached for her boy, and now it seemed bursting. On his knees, by her side, he begged pardon, and promised to leave forever the cup. His sorrow was deep and pungent.

A few friends were called in; to them were intrusted the facts. All were anxious to do any thing that would save

Charlie, not only from imprisonment for life, but from a drunkard's grave—which is far worse. Of the first, there were no fears, as there was no one to prosecute him—and if there had been, there were no witnesses. To save his character, to rescue him from a life of shame—they all united. The corpse was carried to the cemetery, and laid away in its narrow home. Who can tell the burden that rested on Charlie's heart? Could he ever again drink a glass of beer without seeing the sweet face of his sister dancing in every bead of its foam? Could he ever again see Patterson, without thinking he was the prime cause of all his misery? It seems not. Could Patterson ever hear of Colbert's family without feeling in his inmost soul condemned for robbing them of their all? Can a wolf feel remorse

at the destruction of a child it attacks and devours in the forest? Yes, it may feel sad that it is gone so soon: so may the other.

There was a saloon situated in a side street. Many persons frequented this place, because of its seclusion.

One afternoon, late, just as the sun was sinking out of sight, a wagon drove up to this place; a lady and two little children dismounted, and went into the den. What a sad face was hers! the tear-stain yet on it; the color all gone; voice trembling with emotion; frame shaking with fear and smothered anger.

She pushed open the door. The keeper looked up amazed. The loungers leered from their red eyes. She noticed none, but gazed anxiously around the room. A cry of pain, scarcely audible, burst from her lips. She passed

swiftly across the room to the corner where a well-dressed farmer sat dozing. His head hung down, his hat drooped over his eyes, his hair was disheveled, and his body swayed to and fro under the influence of liquor and sleep. It was her husband, the father of the little boy and girl that clung to the woman.

Oh! the agony of that wife's heart. She spoke not a word—she could not; her grief mounted up like great stones in her throat, and prevented utterance. Taking him by the arm, she lifted him to his feet, and, bearing part of his weight, led him to the door—out of it—and helped him into the wagon, after repeated efforts in vain on his part. Once in, he fell like a log, and remained there, while she drove home, the children clinging close on either side.

Righteous Heaven! is there no slum-

bering vengeance for the wretches that thus deliberately break frail wives' hearts, and make beggars of children!

When the door closed behind the retreating form of the woman, what a demon-like "Ha! ha!" burst from the lips of the bar-tender. Yea, even while she was in his presence, what a devilish smile covered his face, and what contempt inspired his heart. Call him a man! Never! Call him a gentlemen! Never! Call his business respectable! Yes, you may when it is respectable to insult wives and mothers on the street, and cast them down to laugh at their helplessness when in the hands of a strong, brutish man.

O! Thou! the habitation of whose throne is justice and mercy! shall not these slayers of mankind and tramplers of woman's affection, feel the burning

stroke of Thy long-delayed wrath? From out the heavens comes the response—"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Only a few days elapsed, until another victim was added to the already large list. A farmer brought his wheat to mill. He drove a team of spirited horses. In the afternoon, scarcely able to sit erect in his wagon—so drunk was he—he went to the mill for his flour, received it, and started home. A passing train of cars frightened the horses, and they dashed away, caring for his control no more than for that of a child. In their wild career, they ran astride a hitching-post, which was struck by the tongue of the wagon. The owner pitched forward over the front end, down under the horses' heels, and was kicked to death, his head being trampled to a

jelly. Thus—drunken, reeling—he was ushered into the presence of his Judge!

Ill-fate seemed let loose. That very night, a youth, from an adjoining village, attempted to board a train, but, being dizzy with drink, he walked between the platforms, instead of getting on the step. The train moved off. His mangled body was found by the night-watch.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was growing late in the evening. The moon was shining bright. Lucy stood leaning over the gate, looking wistfully down the street. She was awaiting the coming of two loved ones —John, her betrothed husband, and Walter, her darling brother. The next day she was to leave for school, to be absent for a whole year. She had seen but little of the doctor this vacation. His practice was large, he said, and he could not tarry long when he did call, and his calls were less frequent than formerly. She knew nothing of the dreadful habit fastening itself upon him. She was anxious for a long, farewell visit to-night. There was so much

to talk about. She started at every form she saw turning the corner and coming toward her—thinking each time it was her loved one. Minutes lengthened into an hour. At last, Walter's quick step was heard, and his noble form seen in the dim light of the moon. Seeing her, his pace slackened.

"Dear Walter," she said, "I have waited so long for you and John. This is my last night at home, you know. What has kept you so late?"

"I stopped at the barber-shop, sister, and had to wait a long time for my turn."

He was on the outside of the gate; she on the inside, leaning over it, and pressing her head against his. His eyes were averted. A slight chill ran through his frame.

"You are cold, dear. Come in."

"No; not yet. I am not cold."

"Why do you tremble, then?"

"I am a little nervous. Your going away makes me so—perhaps," he added, with a faint smile, tenderly caressing the head so confidingly resting on his arm.

"Why *doesn't* John come?" she said, again peering down the street. "Perhaps, he has a call to go into the country."

"Father, help me! Father, strengthen her!" So breathed Walter.

"Did you see anything of him?"

"Yes, I saw him, but didn't speak with him."

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh! this terrible curse of whisky," he said, apparently not noticing her question.

"Any thing new?" she asked, divert-

ed for a moment from her thoughts of the doctor.

"Yes; there is something new every day, it seems to me. Our town is going to ruin as fast as the days come and go. This evening I saw a sight that made my blood stand still, and freeze almost in my veins. When I entered the barber-shop, under Miller's store, I found a well-dressed, intelligent-looking young man, stretched out on the bench, dead drunk. Occasionally he would rouse up, and utter profane words, glare wildly about the room, and then lie down again, slobbering, and moaning, and cursing."

"Oh! dear; what a scene!" said Lucy, putting her hands over her eyes, as if to shut it out.

"Then he would get up and vomit, besmearing himself and the floor. Af-

ter a few minutes, his father, a gray-haired old man, came in, and with such a look of agony and shame that I never want again to see, he knelt by his side, and chafing the cold hands, called his son's name. He was answered only by a stupid glare from the red eyes. He took hold of his arm, and endeavored to raise him, but he fell back, unable to stand."

"Poor old man!" said Lucy, earnestly.

"Then, calling two men, he hired them to carry his son home, while he walked behind them with me—so agitated with grief that he could walk only by leaning heavily on my arm."

"Oh! Walter: then you know them."

"I do."

"Who were they?"

"The young man was John!"

Walter had opened the gate, and stood by his sister's side. Well he did. She did not faint. She said not one word. But, with a look of death, she, by his assistance, walked into the parlor, and threw herself on the sofa.

Can I describe the feelings of the group that gathered around her? No. I will not attempt it. Can I tell the anguish of her young heart? No. Words are of no avail in such cases.

No one of that company spoke after Walter finished telling his parents what he had just told Lucy. Every head was bowed with grief too profound for utterance—too deep to be relieved by human sympathy. They all knew experimentally of an unfailing cure for grief and heart-ache. To the Great Physician of souls they went, for He called them when he said, "Come unto me all

ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." They went. He lifted up their bowed spirits and healed the broken hearts. But days and weeks passed before Lucy left for school. She bore her pain in silence at the foot of the Cross, where healing streams abounded.

The doctor was carried to his father's house, where he remained for days.

Mr. Thomas was broken down indeed. His idol was cast down. The God he had so long served in mockery, appeared to him as a vengeful being. He found no pleasure in his service. He saw that he had brought the wrath upon his own head. For a pittance he sold the safety of his own son, and that of hundreds of others. Too late! like Judas, he repented of his sin, and sought to atone for it, by returning to

Jones all the rent he had received from him, if he would close up and leave. Jones received the offer with contempt, and said thrice that amount would not induce him to give up his business.

Mr. Thomas had no place of refuge, His god—so faithfully served; his god, Money—availed him naught; for when he offered thrice the amount, the keeper, seeing his anxiety, told him with a smile of mingled scorn and avarice, that he should double that amount before he would entertain the proposition. Thomas saw himself in the hands of the cunning, unscrupulous man, and turned away in despair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Winter was nearly over. During its stay, crime steadily increased in Green Bluff. Family after family were sustained by public money or private donations, as their natural supporters left them unprovided for, drinking up not only their own earnings, but consuming the mites which their wives earned by sewing or washing. Yet this wholesale stealing was licensed and protected by law.

Business declined in every department except that of liquor. The dry-goods merchant and family grocer looked in vain for the settlement of their accounts. All the money went into the coffers of the dram-sellers. Their

places of business were crowded day and night. Their money-drawers rattled with the silver pieces, and their wallets stuck out with bills. Not so the honest merchant. Statement of accounts came in from his wholesale creditor with a "Please remit," added as a P. S. But there was nothing to remit. Send their goods back? Couldn't do that, as they were gone—gone to clothe and feed the families of the men that spent their substance for that which was not bread, and their money for that which satisfied not. Again came a request from city creditor to send note for the amount. This was done under protest—but it must be done to gain a little time. The days sped all too swiftly, as the merchant looked over his accounts and saw the names of men who once paid their bills

regularly, but who now paid them never. In vain he added the Debtor side and found it would pay all *his* bills, and leave a handsome balance on hand to increase his cash capital. It was a mockery! He was as a man in a pool of clear water, dying from thirst, but unable to satisfy it, as the waters receded from him whenever he stooped to drink. He walked his office in grief, while the saloon keeper sat in his easy chair, and puffed his cigar in peace. Yes—in *peace!* for he had no conscience to trouble him with thoughts of his damnable traffic in human flesh and blood and immortal spirits. That long ago was seared as with a hot iron, and was past feeling.

The note is due. The money in the drawer is counted. Not half enough to pay the note. It is sent to the bank.

They present it for payment. The merchant gathers together all he can, and yet there is not enough. Asks the bank clerk to wait a few minutes, while he rushes home and gets his wife's gold piece and the children's pocket money. But in vain. Not enough yet. The clerk leaves. Great drops of perspiration stand on his forehead. He excitedly walks the floor; nervously turns the pages of his "day-book," his "ledger," his "cash-book," looks over "bills receivable," and longs to see some of them marked paid. Times flies; the note is protested; he is ruined. Why? Because he is honest? He has been robbed—but no one believes it. The saloon keeper robbed him of his dues, and the town council protects them in their systematic robbery. *He himself helped them to rob himself*—for he voted for license.

Crime, we say, increased, and blasphemy walked openly through the streets.

It was the beginning of Spring. The warm sunshine made it pleasant outdoors. The shades of night were just settling over the village, when a company of men and boys gathered in front of Patterson's saloon. In the centre of the group were three persons kneeling. Before them, on a small box, were three glasses, a bottle of gin, and a piece of cake. One of the company, in mock reverence, raised his eyes to heaven and insulted the Holy Spirit, by asking His blessing upon them. Pouring out the gin, he passed a glass to each of his companions, and, taking one himself, he broke a piece of cake, and placed it in their mouths, and then commanded them to drink, in the name of Jesus

Christ, the Son of God; after which he prayed in earnestness for a descent of the Holy Spirit, while his companions responded in loud Amens and Hallelujahs. Then, after singing a hymn, with impious hands outstretched, he pronounced the benediction.

Who were these hardened wretches? you ask. Don't call them wretches—for only a few months ago they were the chief of young men in their native town. The chief actor, was John Thomas—now a confirmed drunkard; the other two were Charlie Hayes and his rival in school honors, now his rival in debauchery, Judas Jambres.

True to his word, Patterson sought and slew the brightest and best of Green Bluff's youth.

Colbert is dead. Attempting to descend to his work one morning, while

drunk, he pitched headlong down the shaft, and was gathered up a mass of broken bones and quivering flesh. His wife mourns. She is freed from his cruelty—but she cannot forget the handsome face, the strong arm, the warm heart she wedded. She remembers that, when not drunk, her husband was as kind to her as a mother to her infant. It was the demon that entered his heart through his mouth, that made him the brute he was while intoxicated.

Wise still lives, the attorney of all the saloon keepers. He lives, but only to become a debased sot. The grave of a drunkard awaits him as certainly as that death comes to all men. His rubicund face and blooming nose are unmistakable signs.

Templeton and Furtherton look in

dismay at the destruction their voice and uplifted hands started and can not stop.

All the saloon keepers await the oncoming wrath of a just God, as unconcernedly as the dumb cattle await the plunge of the butcher's knife; but their doom is as certainly fixed as that of Sodom and Gomorrah, when ten righteous men could not be found in their midst. The lovers of holiness and peace, having uttered their warnings in vain, can only withdraw to the mountains of security, and await the descent of the purifying and destroying flames. *It will come.*

Lucy passes through a cloud, but it will lift in mercy, and show her a heart warm and true, an arm strong and steady, waiting to be her guide and protector, her comforter. With him she will go

to bless the world by her pure life and teachings. A wide field opens up before her. Her experience in suffering, has deepened the already full stream of sympathy in her heart, and has intensified her hatred for the accursed traffic. Her life will be light and shade commingled. Her joy will be the purest and deepest; her griefs softened by the presence of one noble, true heart — James Gibson—son of her beloved pastor, who is himself a young minister, with all the ardor of his father, and with his deep, abiding enmity, to the demon—Drink.

Walter has come up, from humble parentage, to occupy a place of honor in the business world. He has not forgotten his former self, as a miner, and in him the laboring man finds a true friend. Already he has begun his labors in the temperance movement, with a determin-

ation to spare neither time nor labor until Green Bluff is freed from the incubus of licensed whisky shops. His income increases each year. A part of it has been expended in purchasing a controlling interest in the *Green Bluff Herald*, which immediately commenced a warfare against the traffic. He has not forgotten the influence of the press and rostrum, in freeing our nation from the black curse of human slavery, and has, as far as possible, laid both under tribute, to aid in wiping out a slavery more fearful in its consequences that that, since it sells the immortal, and not the mortal nature, simply.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone live to see the truth of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and to know that the sustaining power of

God's grace, is the only true safeguard against the attacks of the devil.

Green Bluff, as a city, exists, a mournful example of the ruinous effects of licensed crime. Her streets are in need of repairs. Her treasury is empty, and the city in debt. With a police force, she fails to preserve order, as her Sabbaths are desecrated with impunity. With her faithful and able ministers, she fails to rescue the youth from sin, as there are three saloons for every church and a score of temptations to go astray for every warning and inducement to follow virtue. Her beautiful park is no more a place of quiet resort. Its beauty is marred. Weeds growing rank, have succeeded the clean, velvety sward. Where once was the song of praise, is heard the voice of swearing.

Her laboring men no more gather to

drink, under Heaven's blue arch, the clear, cooling water, when the day's work is done; then, to separate, to go home to happy wives and delighted children, and pleasant homes: but gather in the grog shops, behind the green screen, to drink liquid death, and with oaths separate to go home to weeping, heart-broken wives, half-frightened children, and desolate homes.

THE END.